WILDSTORM
NEW HORIZONS
GEN 13
25
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CANADA
LATER KIDS... IT'S BEEN FUN!
BRANDON CHOI • AL RIO • JOHN ARCUDI • GARY FRANK • CAM SMITH

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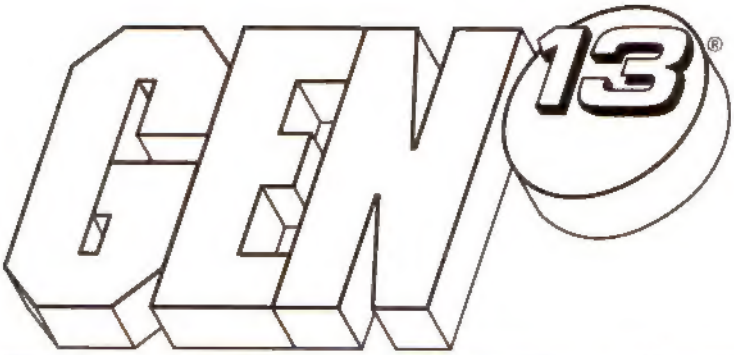

cover by
J. SCOTT CAMPBELL & ALEX GARNER
variant cover by TRAVIS CHAREST

editor
MIKE HEISLER

assistant editor
MICHELLE UPCHURCH

created by
JIM LEE, BRANDON CHOI,
& J. SCOTT CAMPBELL

Meet the **Gen13**! Fairchild, Grunge, Burnout, Rainmaker, and Freefall. These Gen-Active teenagers, first generation descendants of the legendary Team 7, were recruited into *Project Genesis*, a program run by the intelligence organization, International Operations, and secretly intended to develop superhumans. Upon discovering that *Genesis* was nothing more than a breeding ground for Gen-Actives, they escaped the compound with the help of renegade I.O. agent, John Lynch, himself a former member of Team 7. To this day, they remain fugitives.

FAIRCHILD: Caitlin Fairchild, the daughter of Team 7's Alex Fairchild. Fairchild possesses super-human strength, speed, agility and intelligence. Tall and strikingly beautiful, Fairchild serves as the team's moral center and is thought of as its unofficial leader.

GRUNGE: Percival Edmund Chang, the son of Team 7's Philip Chang. This slovenly, cold pizza-eating party animal has the power to mimic the molecular structure of any material he touches, acquiring its strength and other physical characteristics.

BURNOUT: Bobby Lane, the son of John Lynch. Burnout can project high energy plasma, which bursts into flame when exposed to oxygen. He is impervious to heat and can fly by creating thermal updrafts. After a lifetime of deception, he and Lynch only recently discovered their familial relationship.

RAINMAKER: Sarah Rainmaker is, unbeknownst to her, the daughter of Team 7's Stephen Callahan. She has the ability to control the natural elements, and can fly by manipulating the air currents and can direct water with a simple gesture. The amplifier bands she wears on her wrists enable her to deliver very potent electric blasts.

FREEFALL: Roxanne Spaulding, whose parents' true identities are unknown. The youngest and spunkiest of the team, Freefall's ability allows her to affect the pull of gravity, giving the appearance that she can levitate herself or any other being or object she desires.

IN CASE YOU'RE JUST JOINING US...

Trapped in the future by a temporal accident, Fairchild, Freefall and Grunge came face-to-face with a terrifying potential fate: the Earth under siege by the murderous alien race known as the D'Rahn — and Earth's only hope is an insanely obsessed John Lynch, whose plan for destroying the D'Rahn also happens to involve wiping out most of the human race! But the arrival of the GEN13ers enables Lynch to put a backup plan into motion — and the future's final moments see Lynch sending our heroes back to their own time, with instructions to remember what they've seen, in the hopes of preventing it from coming to pass...

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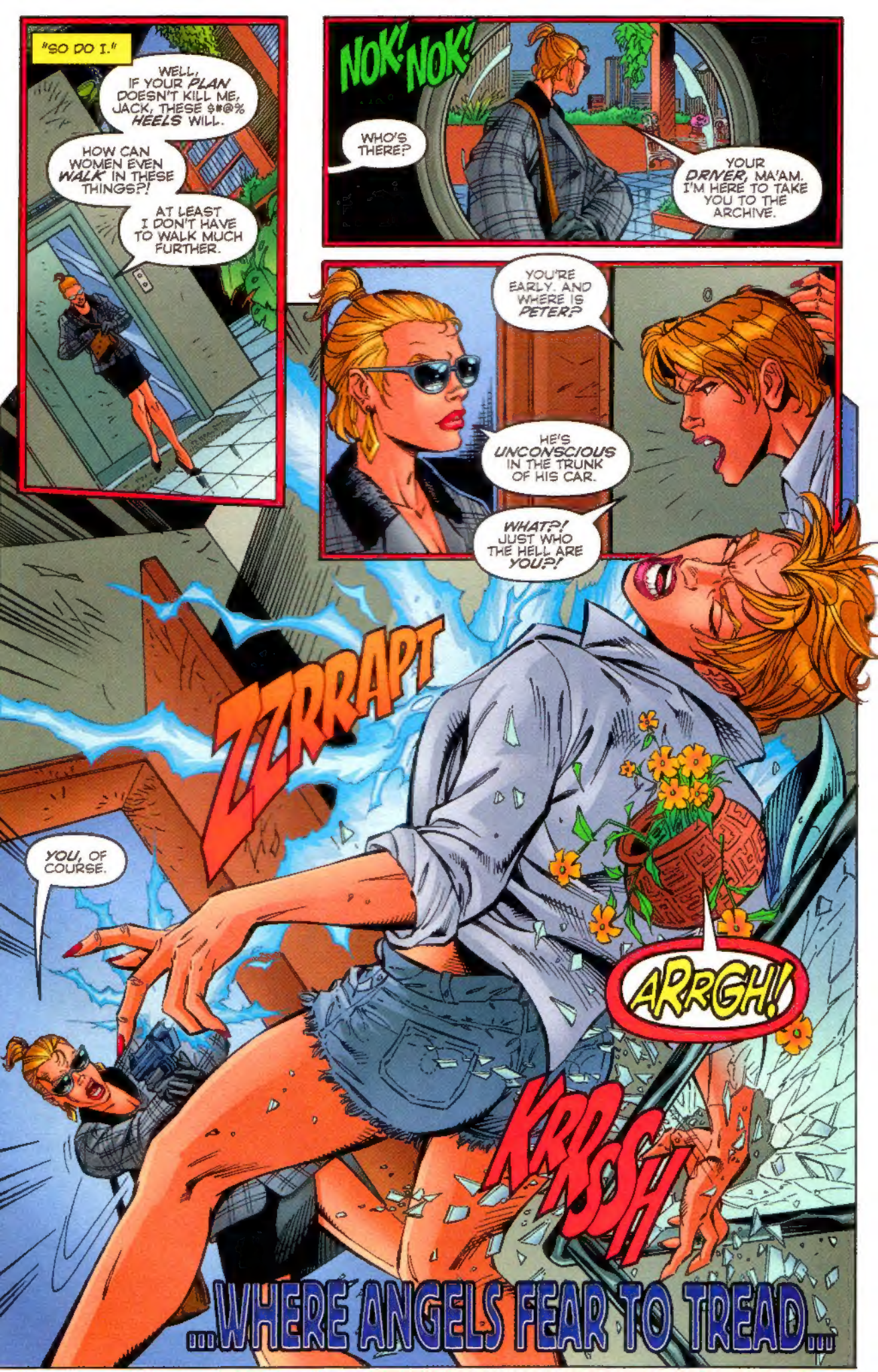
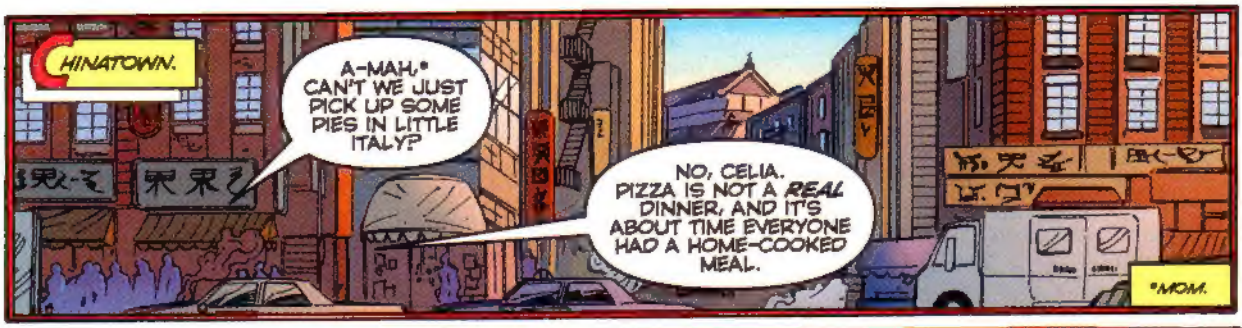
NEW YORK CITY.
WHAT AM I STILL DOING HERE?
MY INSTINCTS ARE TO GRAB ETHAN AND THE TSUNGS AND GET OUT OF TOWN WHILE I'VE GOT THE CHANCE.
BUT INSTEAD, I'M ON THE UPPER EAST SIDE TRYING TO PULL OFF A LA FEMME NIKITA. HOPING THAT LYNCH'S HOLLYWOOD HIGH-CONCEPT SCHEME ACTUALLY WORKS.
IF HE'S WRONG ABOUT THIS, WE'RE GOING TO END UP WITH A LOT WORSE THAN JUST BAD REVIEWS.
GOOD AFTERNOON, Ms. NICHOLS.
WHAT A PLEASANT SURPRISE. I DIDN'T EVEN SEE YOU GO OUT THIS MORNING.
I GUESS IT WAS YOUR LOSS, HENRY.
YES, MA'AM. SHALL I SEND THE DRIVER UP WHEN HE ARRIVES?
I GOT A MESSAGE FROM THE OFFICE SAYING THAT HE'S CALLED IN SICK.
I'LL BE TAKING MY OWN CAR THIS AFTERNOON.
VERY GOOD, MA'AM.
I DON'T MEAN TO PRY, Ms. NICHOLS, BUT YOU DON'T SOUND WELL.
ACTUALLY, HENRY, I HAD A DOCTOR'S APPOINTMENT EARLIER THIS AFTERNOON TO HAVE MY THROAT EXAMINED. I'M AFRAID I MAY HAVE CAUGHT A BUG.
WELL, I HOPE EVERYTHING TURNS OUT ALL RIGHT, MA'AM.
SO DO I, HENRY.
BRANDON CHOI story
AL RIO art
additional inks by
ARMANDO DURRUTHY
RICH FRIEND
RENE MICHELETTI
RYAN ODAGAWA
JOE PIMENTEL
TREVOR SCOTT
WILDSTORM FX colors
BILL O'NEIL letters


"SO DO I."
WELL, IF YOUR PLAN DOESN'T KILL ME, JACK, THESE $#@% HEELS WILL.
HOW CAN WOMEN EVEN WALK IN THESE THINGS?!
AT LEAST I DON'T HAVE TO WALK MUCH FURTHER.
NOK! NOK!
WHO'S THERE?
YOUR DRIVER, MA'AM. I'M HERE TO TAKE YOU TO THE ARCHIVE.
YOU'RE EARLY. AND WHERE IS PETER?
HE'S UNCONSCIOUS IN THE TRUNK OF HIS CAR.
WHAT?! JUST WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?!
ZZRRAPT
YOU, OF COURSE.
ARRGH!
KRRSSH
...WHERE ANGELS FEAR TO TREAD...



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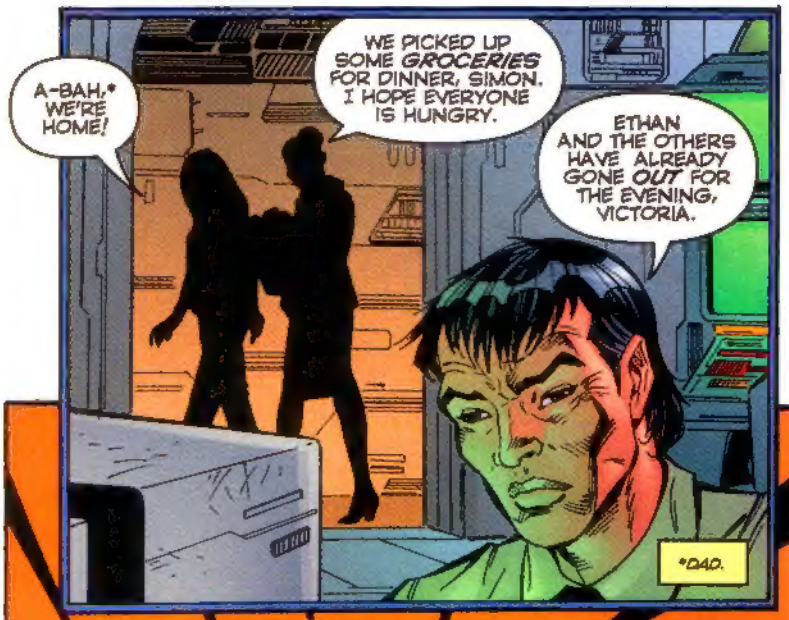
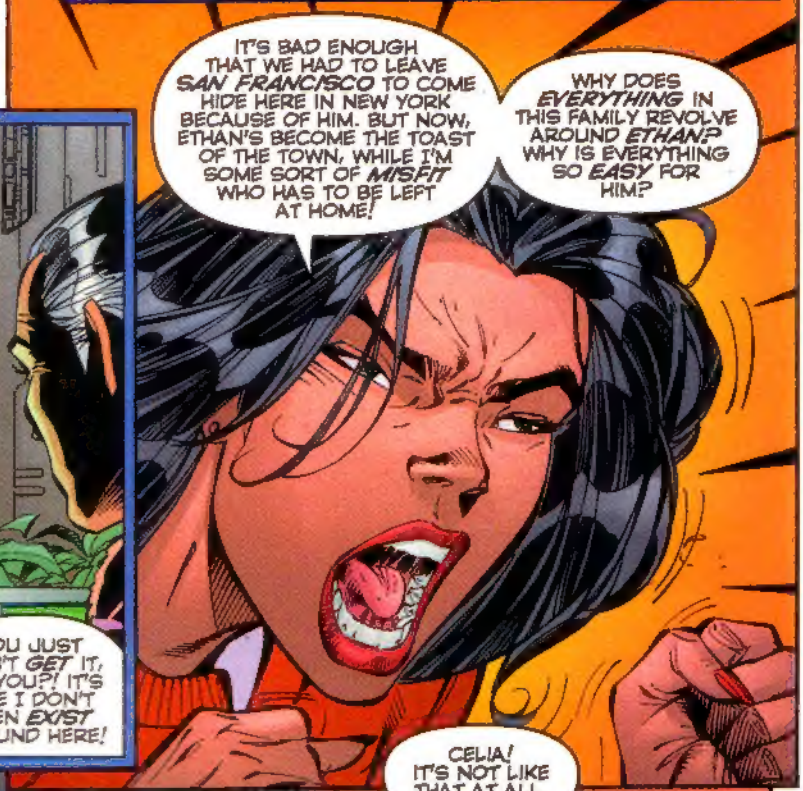
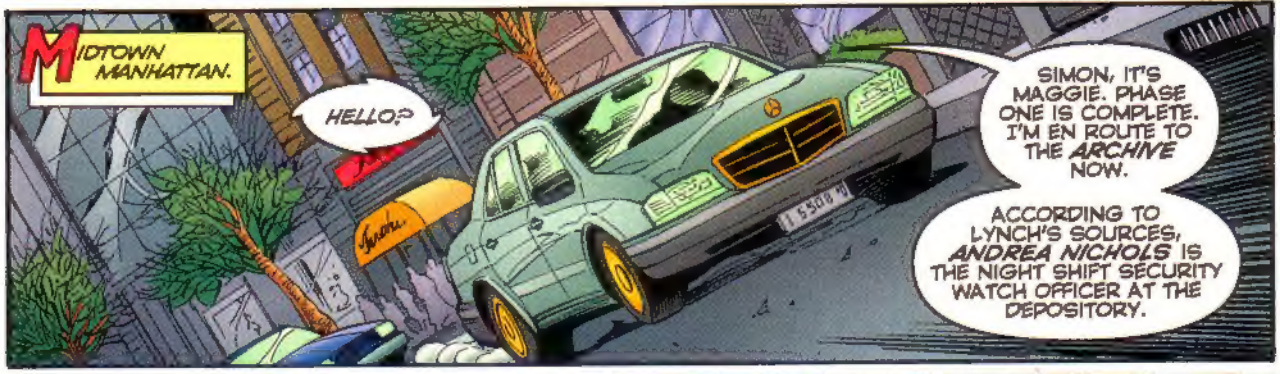
SHORTLY...
SO WHY HAVE THEY BEEN LOCKED UP IN THAT ROOM ALL DAY? IT'S AS IF THEY'RE TRYING TO AVOID US.
I'M SURE THAT'S NOT TRUE. MAYBE AFTER DINNER, ALL OF YOU CAN GO OUT FOR DESSERT AND GET BETTER ACQUAINTED.


A-BAH,* WE'RE HOME!
WE PICKED UP SOME GROCERIES FOR DINNER, SIMON. I HOPE EVERYONE IS HUNGRY.
ETHAN AND THE OTHERS HAVE ALREADY GONE OUT FOR THE EVENING, VICTORIA.
*DAD.

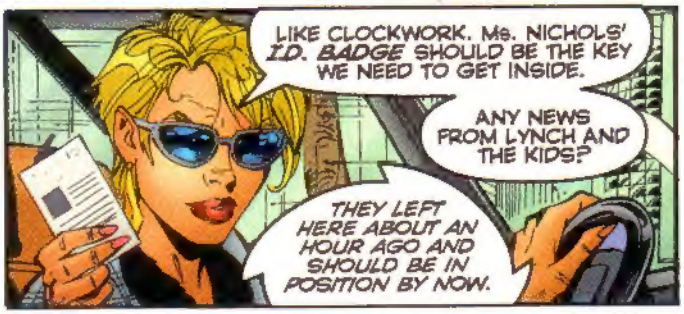
GONE? WHERE?
Ms. MONROE CAME BY EARLIER TO TAKE THEM OUT ON THE TOWN. IS SOMETHING THE MATTER, CELIA?
YOU JUST DON'T GET IT, DO YOU?! IT'S LIKE I DON'T EVEN EXIST AROUND HERE!

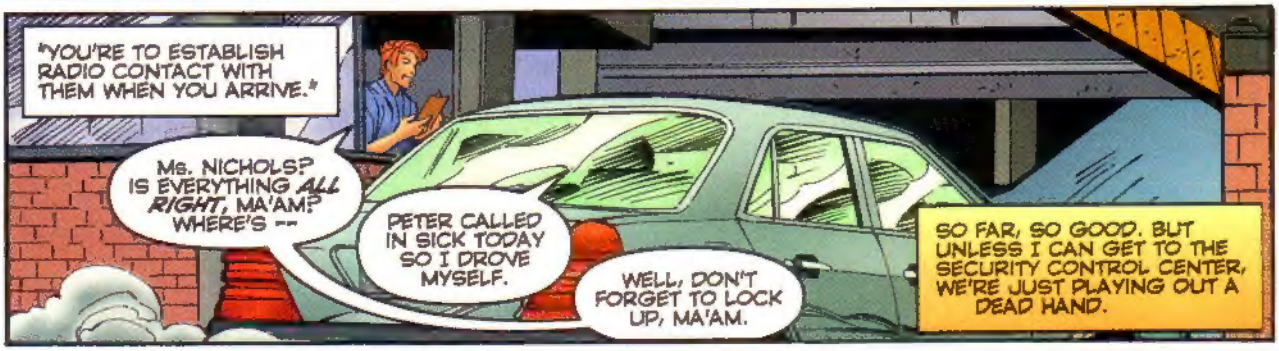

IT'S BAD ENOUGH THAT WE HAD TO LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO TO COME HIDE HERE IN NEW YORK BECAUSE OF HIM. BUT NOW, ETHAN'S BECOME THE TOAST OF THE TOWN, WHILE I'M SOME SORT OF MISFIT WHO HAS TO BE LEFT AT HOME!
WHY DOES EVERYTHING IN THIS FAMILY REVOLVE AROUND ETHAN? WHY IS EVERYTHING SO EASY FOR HIM?

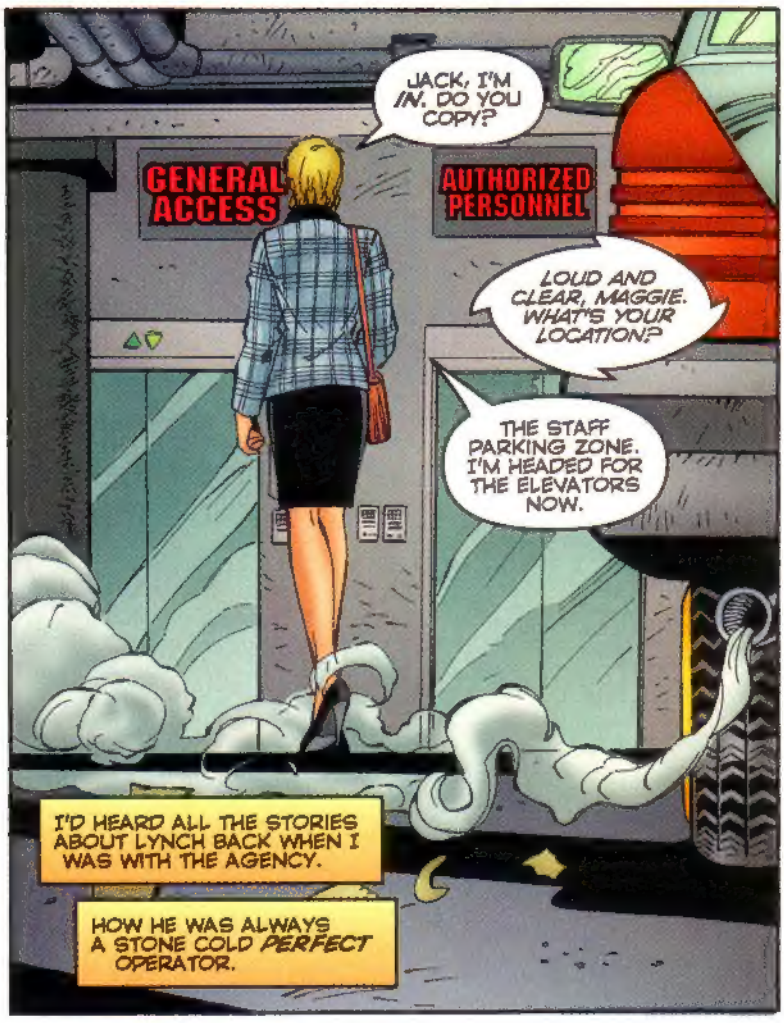
VREEP VREEP VREEP
CELIA! IT'S NOT LIKE THAT AT ALL.
IT'S BEEN LIKE THAT FROM THE VERY FIRST DAY YOU BROUGHT HIM HOME!
PLEASE, LET ME EXPLAIN --
SIMON...
DON'T BOTHER.

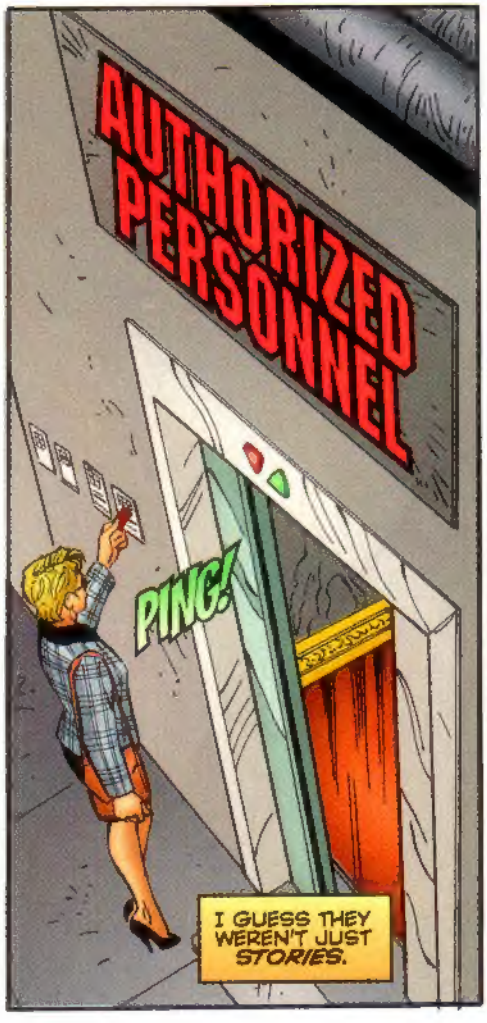

MIDTOWN MANHATTAN.
HELLO?
SIMON, IT'S MAGGIE. PHASE ONE IS COMPLETE. I'M EN ROUTE TO THE ARCHIVE NOW.
ACCORDING TO LYNCH'S SOURCES, ANDREA NICHOLS IS THE NIGHT SHIFT SECURITY WATCH OFFICER AT THE DEPOSITORY.

DID EVERYTHING GO AS PLANNED?

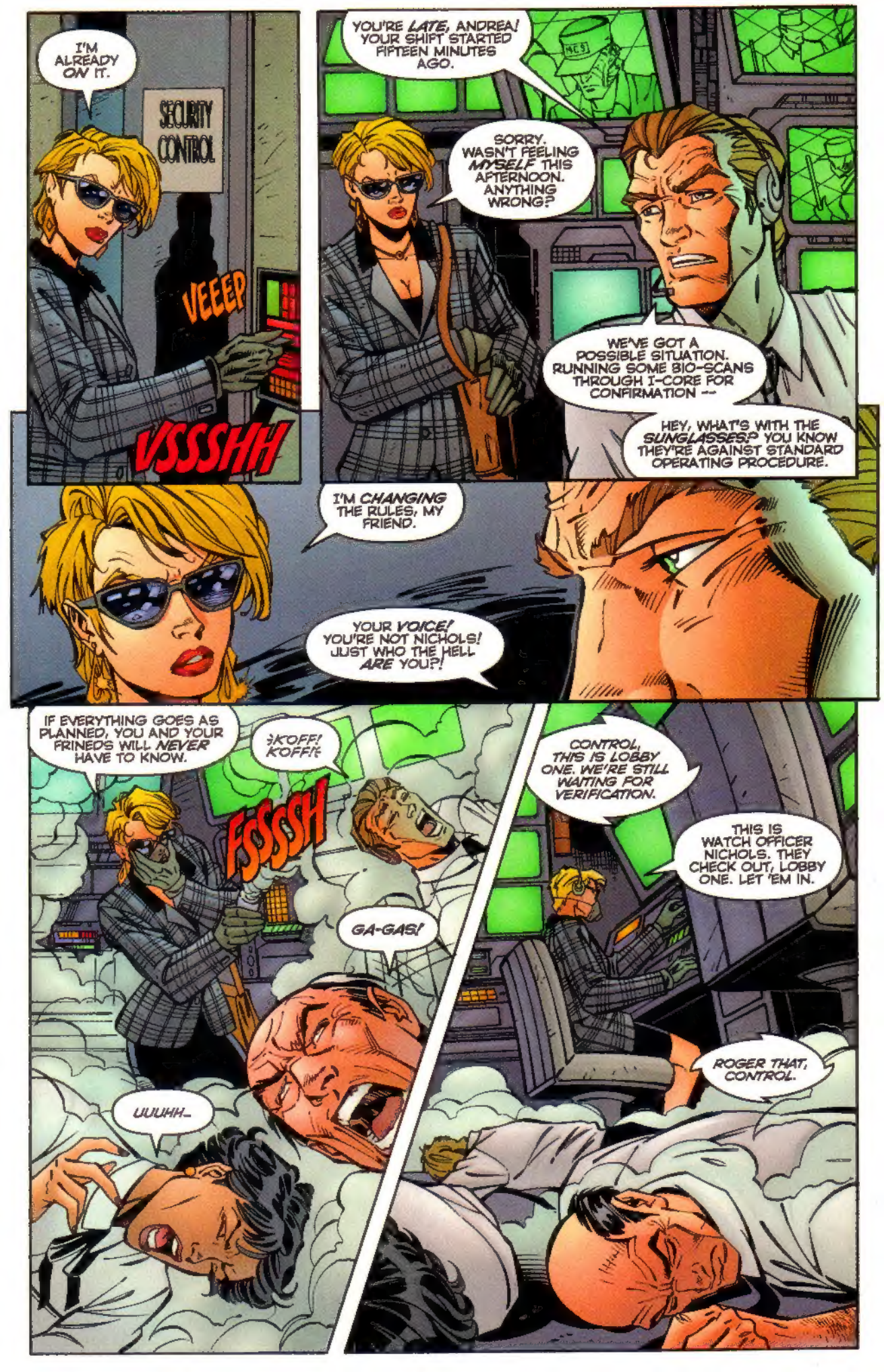

LIKE CLOCKWORK. Ms. NICHOLS' I.D. BADGE SHOULD BE THE KEY WE NEED TO GET INSIDE.
ANY NEWS FROM LYNCH AND THE KIDS?
THEY LEFT HERE ABOUT AN HOUR AGO AND SHOULD BE IN POSITION BY NOW.


"YOU'RE TO ESTABLISH RADIO CONTACT WITH THEM WHEN YOU ARRIVE."
Ms. NICHOLS? IS EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT, MA'AM? WHERE'S --
PETER CALLED IN SICK TODAY SO I DROVE MYSELF.
WELL, DON'T FORGET TO LOCK UP, MA'AM.
SO FAR, SO GOOD. BUT UNLESS I CAN GET TO THE SECURITY CONTROL CENTER, WE'RE JUST PLAYING OUT A DEAD HAND.

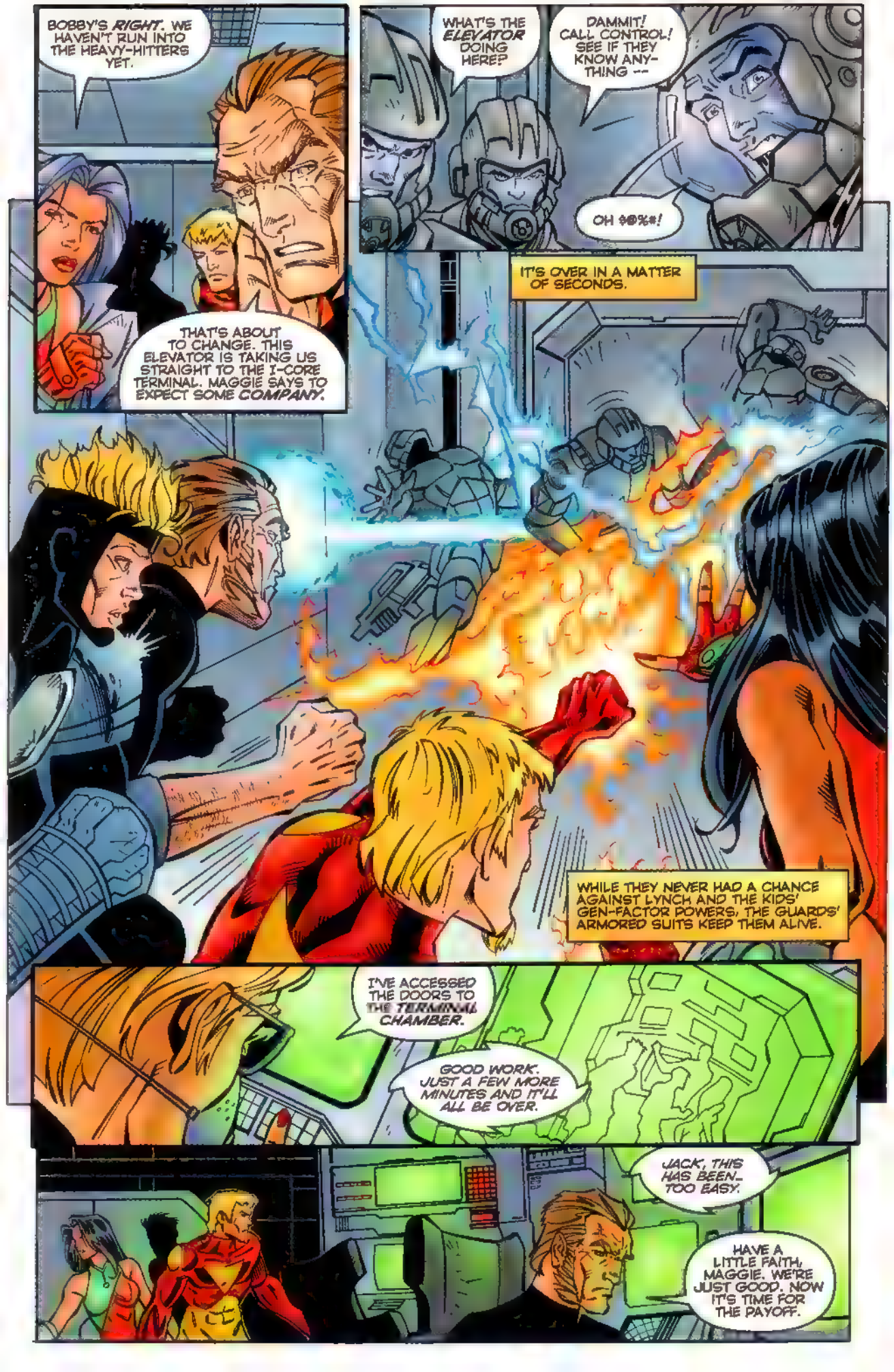

JACK, I'M IN. DO YOU COPY?
GENERAL ACCESS
AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL
LOUD AND CLEAR, MAGGIE. WHAT'S YOUR LOCATION?
THE STAFF PARKING ZONE. I'M HEADED FOR THE ELEVATORS NOW.
I'D HEARD ALL THE STORIES ABOUT LYNCH BACK WHEN I WAS WITH THE AGENCY.
HOW HE WAS ALWAYS A STONE COLD PERFECT OPERATOR.


AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL
PING!
I GUESS THEY WEREN'T JUST STORIES.

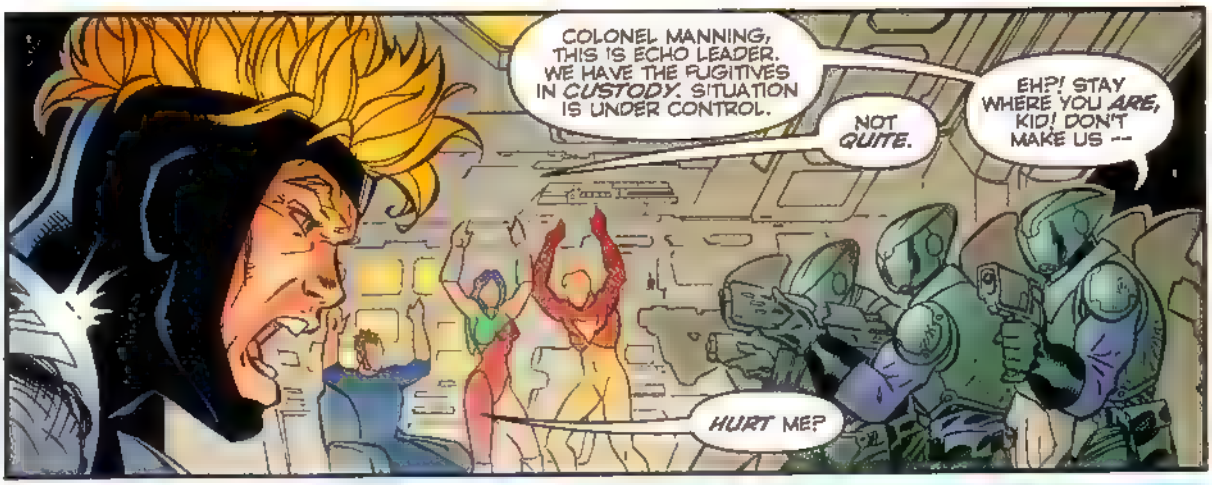
ONE FLOOR BELOW.
SHE'S IN. LET'S GO.
MANHATTAN CLEANING SERVICE? THIS IS OUR DISGUISE?
IT'S PERFECT, SARAH. NOBODY EVER PAYS ATTENTION TO JANITORS.
LIKE I TOLD YOU, THE REGULAR CREW IS RUNNING LATE, SO THE COMPANY SENT US HERE TO PICK UP THE SLACK.
SORRY, BUDDY, BUT I STILL GOTTA CALL IT IN.
MCS
OH #$%@!
"IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE THEY FIGURE OUT WHO WE ARE...
MCS
"...AND WHY WE'RE HERE."
MCS
MCS
MAGGIE, THEY'RE RUNNING AN ID. CHECK ON US. YOU'VE GOT TO GET INTO THAT CONTROL CENTER AND STOP THEM BEFORE THEY CAN LOCK THIS PLACE DOWN.
UNDERSTOOD, JACK.

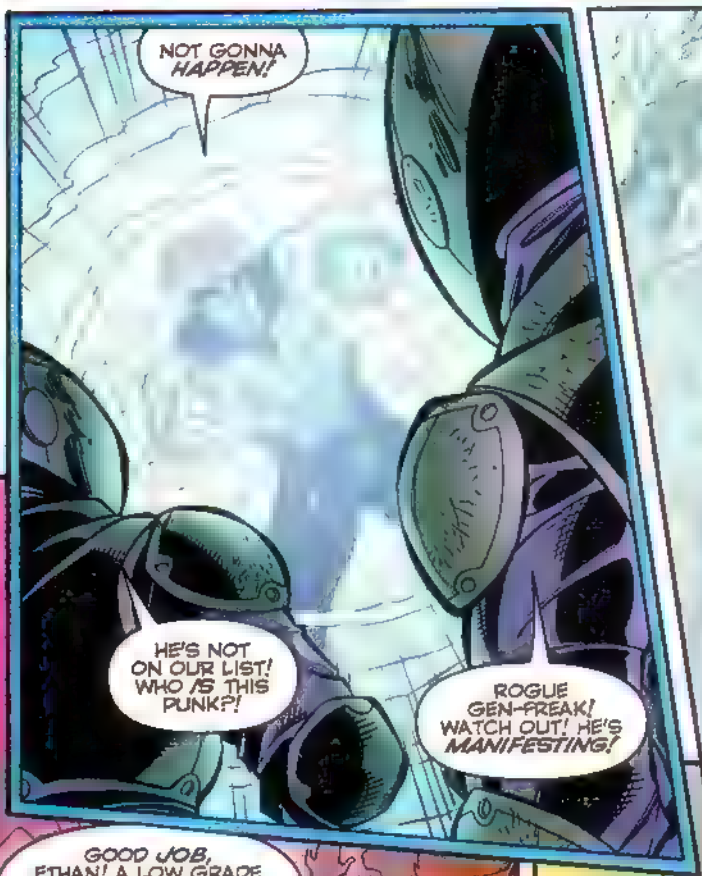

I'M ALREADY ON IT.
SECURITY CONTROL
VEEEP
VSSSHH
YOU'RE LATE, ANDREA! YOUR SHIFT STARTED FIFTEEN MINUTES AGO.
SORRY. WASN'T FEELING MYSELF THIS AFTERNOON. ANYTHING WRONG?
WE'VE GOT A POSSIBLE SITUATION. RUNNING SOME BIO-SCANS THROUGH I-CORE FOR CONFIRMATION --
HEY, WHAT'S WITH THE SUNGLASSES? YOU KNOW THEY'RE AGAINST STANDARD OPERATING PROCEDURE.
I'M CHANGING THE RULES, MY FRIEND.
YOUR VOICE! YOU'RE NOT NICHOLS! JUST WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?!
IF EVERYTHING GOES AS PLANNED, YOU AND YOUR FRINEDS WILL NEVER HAVE TO KNOW.
KOFF! KOFF!
FSSSH
GA-GAS!
UUUHH...
CONTROL, THIS IS LOBBY ONE. WE'RE STILL WAITING FOR VERIFICATION.
THIS IS WATCH OFFICER NICHOLS. THEY CHECK OUT, LOBBY ONE. LET 'EM IN.
ROGER THAT, CONTROL.

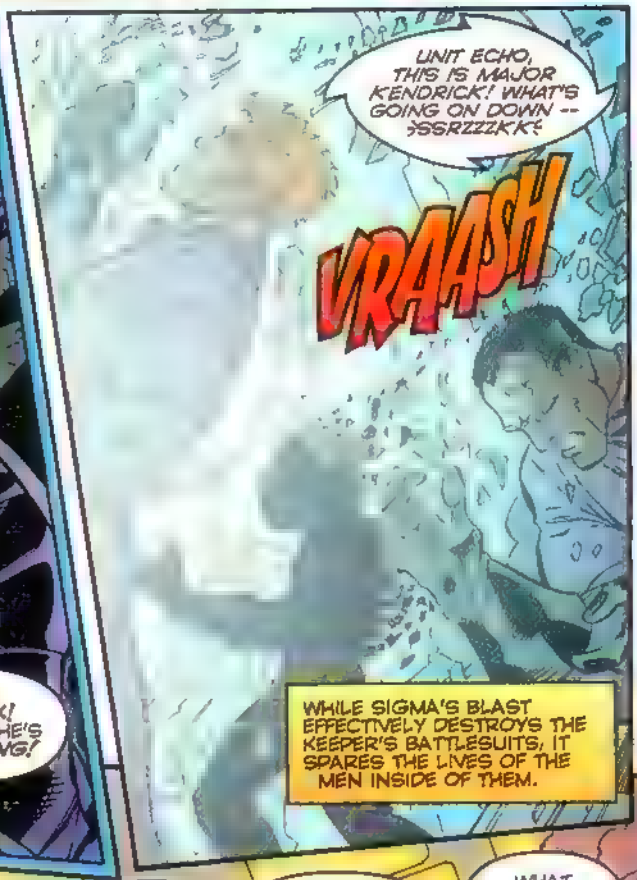
I'M IN CONTROL HERE, JACK. YOU'RE GOOD TO GO.
NICE WORK, MAGGIE.
LET'S CLEAR OUT THE ROOM!
MCS
WHAK
CLEAR!
UNNGH!
MCS
ZZZRRRAP
CLEAR!
MCS
WHOK
THAT'S THE LAST OF THEM!
AARRGH!
LET'S GET THESE GUARDS INSIDE THE PUBLIC ACCESS ELEVATOR. MAGGIE SHOULD HAVE THE OTHER ONE READY FOR US BY THE TIME WE'RE DONE.
YOU KNOW, BOBBY, THESE I.O. GUYS AREN'T SO TOUGH.
DON'T KID YOURSELF, ETHAN. THIS IS AS EASY AS IT'S GONNA GET.

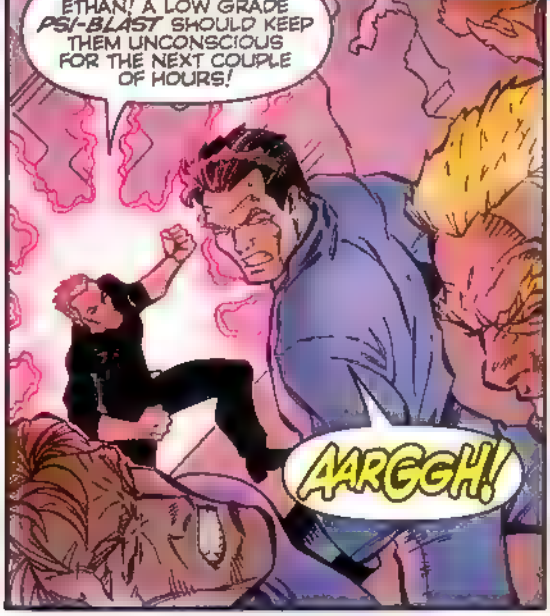

BOBBY'S RIGHT. WE HAVEN'T RUN INTO THE HEAVY-HITTERS YET.
THAT'S ABOUT TO CHANGE. THIS ELEVATOR IS TAKING US STRAIGHT TO THE I-CORE TERMINAL. MAGGIE SAYS TO EXPECT SOME COMPANY.
WHAT'S THE ELEVATOR DOING HERE?
DAMMIT! CALL CONTROL! SEE IF THEY KNOW ANY-THING --
OH %@%#!
IT'S OVER IN A MATTER OF SECONDS.
WHILE THEY NEVER HAD A CHANCE AGAINST LYNCH AND THE KIDS' GEN-FACTOR POWERS, THE GUARDS' ARMORED SUITS KEEP THEM ALIVE.
I'VE ACCESSED THE DOORS TO THE TERMINAL CHAMBER.
GOOD WORK. JUST A FEW MORE MINUTES AND IT'LL ALL BE OVER.
JACK, THIS HAS BEEN... TOO EASY.
HAVE A LITTLE FAITH, MAGGIE. WE'RE JUST GOOD. NOW IT'S TIME FOR THE PAYOFF.

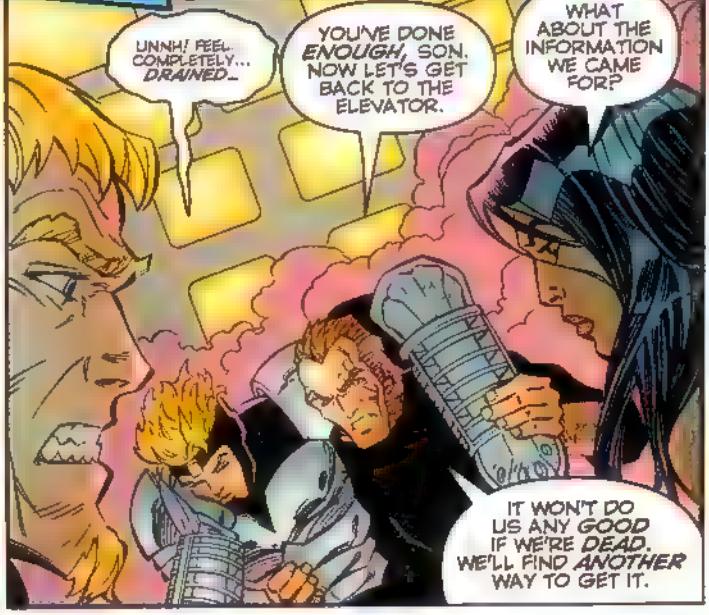
ELSEWHERE...
WE'RE APPROACHING OUR FINAL DESTINATION, MA'AM. SHOULD I REQUEST PERMISSION TO LAND?
NEGATIVE, MAJOR.
MY AUTHORIZATION IS SUFFICIENT CLEARANCE AS FAR AS YOU'RE CONCERNED.
DIRECTOR, RED FLAGS INDICATE THAT SOMEONE IS TRYING TO ACCESS THE PROJECT: GENESIS RECORDS FROM I-CORE VIA THE ARCHIVE TERMINAL.
IT'S HIM! FORWARD THE COMM-LINE FEED TO MY SYSTEM.
YOU MUST BE GETTING OLD, JACK. I SAW THIS COMING THE MOMENT I HEARD YOU WERE IN NEW YORK. YOU'VE JUST MADE YOUR FIRST AND LAST MISTAKE.
THE KEEPERS ARE IN POSITION, MA'AM.
"THEN SEND THEM IN!"
VSSSSHHH
FREEZE! YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST!
MOVE AND YOU DIE!
NO! SOMEBODY'S SEALED OFF ACCESS TO THE I-CORE DATA BANKS!


COLONEL MANNING, THIS IS ECHO LEADER. WE HAVE THE FUGITIVES IN CUSTODY. SITUATION IS UNDER CONTROL.
NOT QUITE.
EH?! STAY WHERE YOU ARE, KID! DON'T MAKE US --
HURT ME?


NOT GONNA HAPPEN!
HE'S NOT ON OUR LIST! WHO IS THIS PUNK?!
ROGUE GEN-FREAK! WATCH OUT! HE'S MANIFESTING!


UNIT ECHO, THIS IS MAJOR KENDRICK! WHAT'S GOING ON DOWN -- >SSRZZZKK<
VRAASH
WHILE SIGMA'S BLAST EFFECTIVELY DESTROYS THE KEEPER'S BATTLESUITS, IT SPARES THE LIVES OF THE MEN INSIDE OF THEM.


GOOD JOB, ETHAN! A LOW GRADE PSI-BLAST SHOULD KEEP THEM UNCONSCIOUS FOR THE NEXT COUPLE OF HOURS!
AARGGH!


UNNH! FEEL COMPLETELY... DRAINED...
YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH, SON. NOW LET'S GET BACK TO THE ELEVATOR.
WHAT ABOUT THE INFORMATION WE CAME FOR?
IT WON'T DO US ANY GOOD IF WE'RE DEAD. WE'LL FIND ANOTHER WAY TO GET IT.

HOLY #@%!
IT'S THEM!
GET BACK!
STILL TOO WEAK TO FIGHT
DON'T WORRY, GUYS!
WE'RE ON IT!
COLONEL MANNING, ECHO LEADER IS DOWN! WE NEED REIN --
AIEE!
TOO MUCH ENERGY! SYSTEM OVERLOAD --
YARGH!
ZERRACK!
FWOOSH
THE DOORS AREN'T OPENING!
THEY'VE CHANGED THE ACCESS CODE!
I'VE BEEN LOCKED OUT OF THE SYSTEM, JACK, BUT I STILL HAVE VIDEO FEEDS --
OH, NO! GET AWAY FROM THE ELEVATOR!
WE'VE GOT SOME MORE PARTY CRASHERS, JACK...

"...AND THEY DEFINITELY LOOK LIKE BAD NEWS!"

THIS IS RAZOR LEADER. WE ARE ON THE SCENE AND HAVE MADE VISUAL CONTACT WITH THE INFIL-TRATORS.

THEY CANNOT BE ALLOWED TO LEAVE THE BUILDING ALIVE, RAZOR LEADER.

UNDERSTOOD, MA'AM.

NOW WHAT?!

BLACK RAZORS! I USED TO BE THEIR BOSS, BUT NOW I'M ON THEIR HIT LIST!

FIND COVER!

KATHOOM

SKRASSSH

I CAN PUT UP A SHIELD TO TRY AND BUY US SOME TIME, Mr. LYNCH!

IT MAY NOT BE ENOUGH! THE RAZORS WERE SPECIALLY DESIGNED AND TRAINED TO DEAL WITH SPBs!

VRRAP

VRRAP

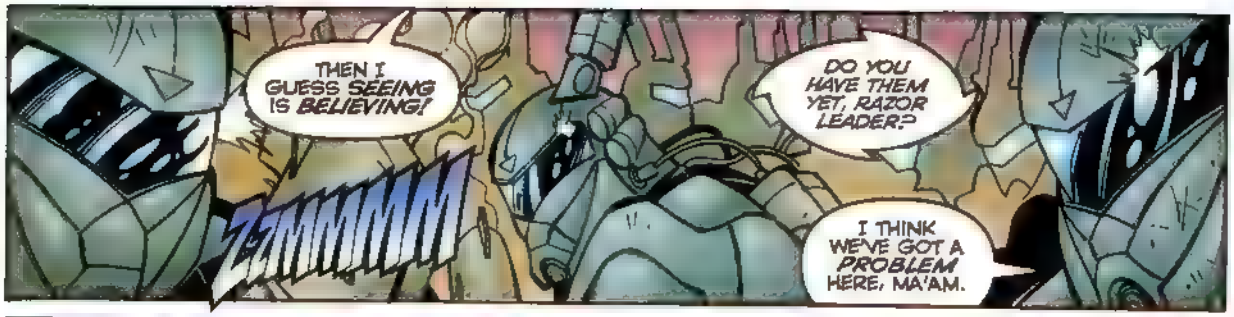
I CAN'T GET THROUGH THEIR SHIELDING!

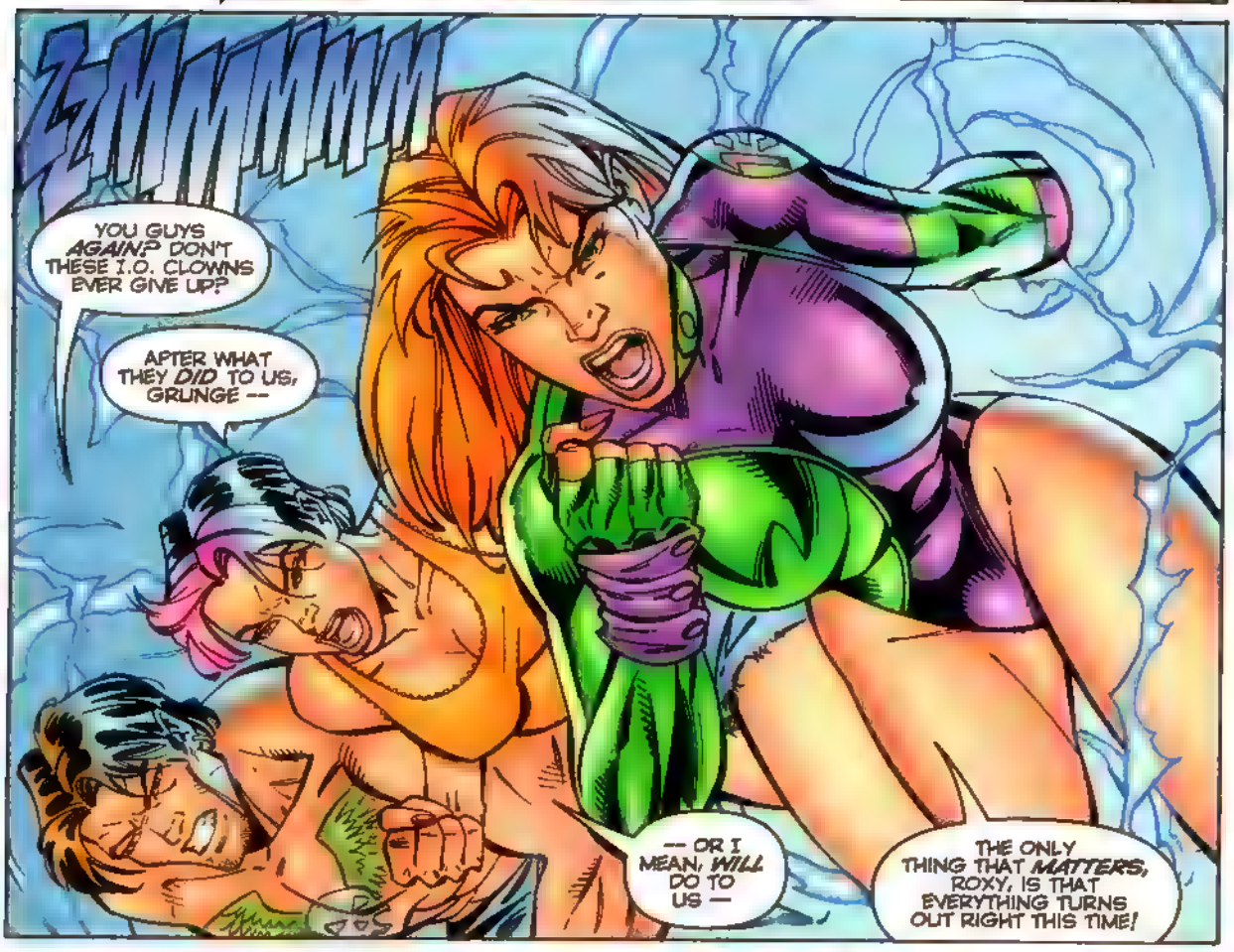
WE'RE SURROUNDED!

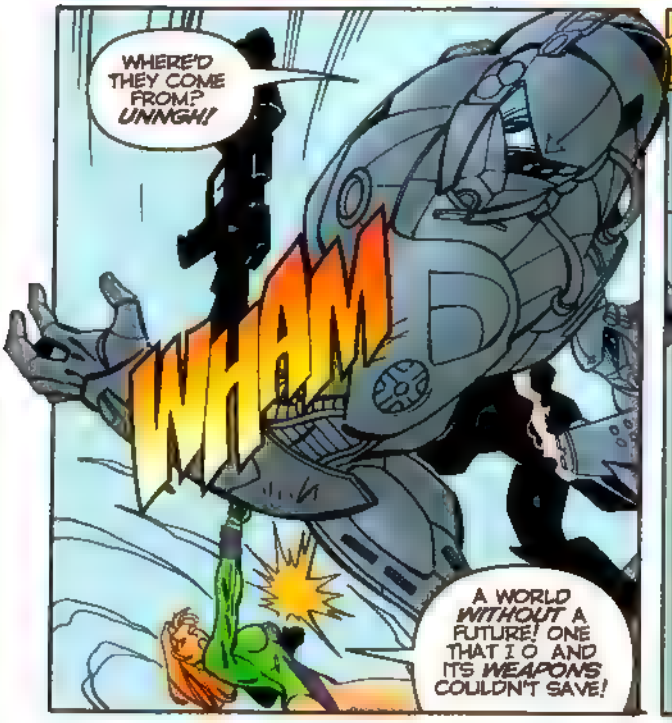
SUDDENLY PEEL — WEAK AGAIN!

LOOK! BEHIND THEM! THERE'S SOME-THING —

DON'T LISTEN TO HER! IT'S A TRICK!


THEN I GUESS SEEING IS BELIEVING!
ZZMMMMM
DO YOU HAVE THEM YET, RAZOR LEADER?
I THINK WE'VE GOT A PROBLEM HERE, MA'AM.

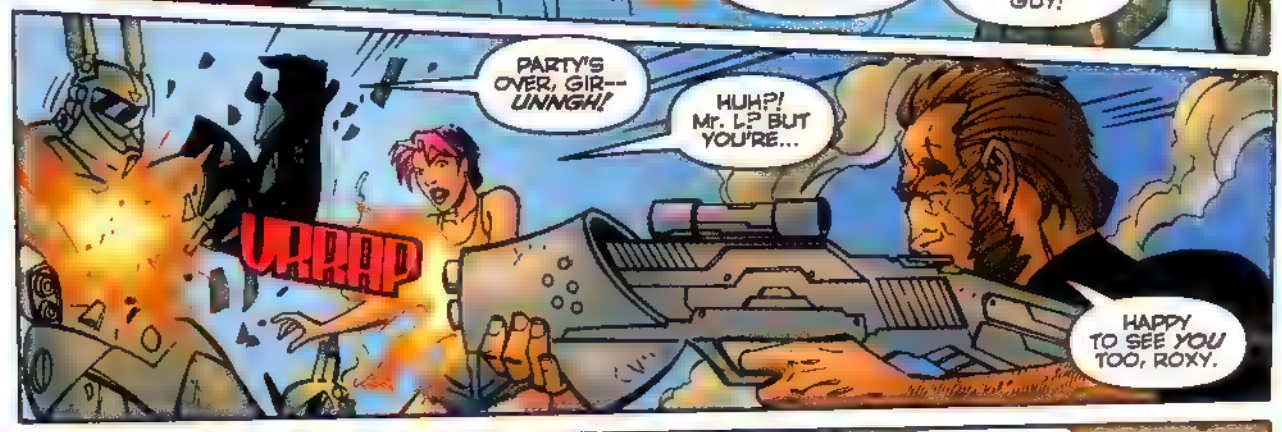

ZMMMMMM
YOU GUYS AGAIN? DON'T THESE I.O. CLOWNS EVER GIVE UP?
AFTER WHAT THEY DID TO US, GRUNGE --
-- OR I MEAN, WILL DO TO US --
THE ONLY THING THAT MATTERS, ROXY, IS THAT EVERYTHING TURNS OUT RIGHT THIS TIME!


WHERE'D THEY COME FROM? UNNGH!
WHAM
A WORLD WITHOUT A FUTURE! ONE THAT I.O. AND ITS WEAPONS COULDN'T SAVE!

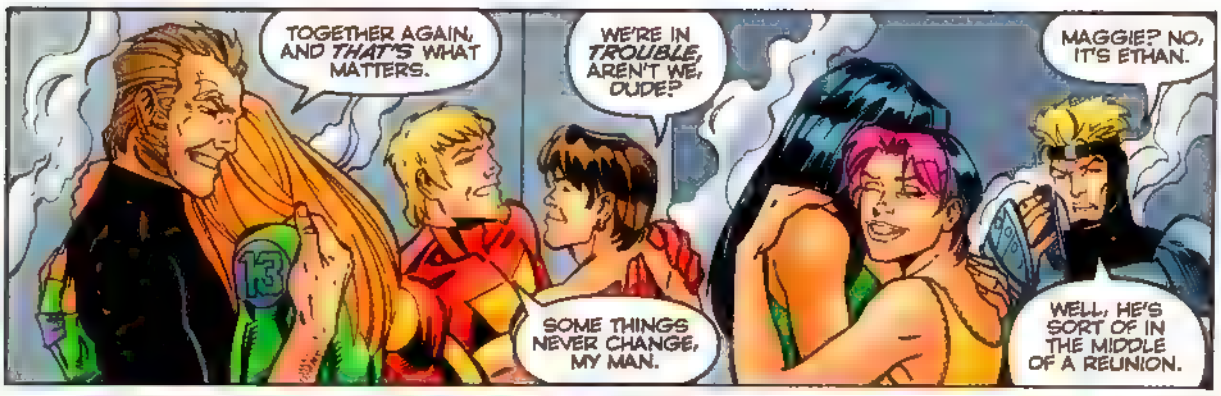
WHSSH
CRNNCH
WE'RE HERE TO MAKE SURE THAT THINGS GO DIFFERENTLY!

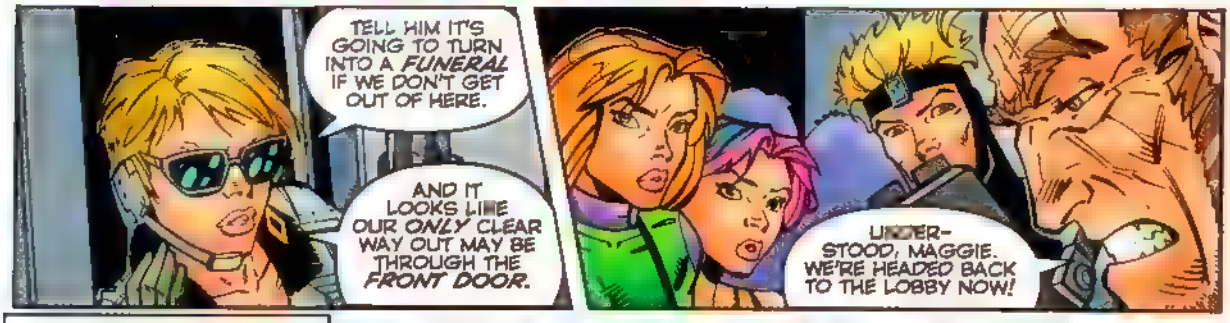
YOU WON'T HAVE THE CHANCE TO USE THE CODEINE... WHATEVER IT IS... TO STOP THE... THE --
AH, WHO CARES! IT'S TIME TO BANG THE MONKEYS!
VLLPH

BOBBY, IS THAT --
ZERAACKT
FWOOSH
NOT NOW, SARAH! LET'S TAKE CARE OF THE RAZORS WHILE WE HAVE THE CHANCE!
COMBINING OUR POWERS SHOULD TAKE CARE OF THIS GUY!


PARTY'S OVER, GIR-- UNNGH!
HUH?! Mr. L? BUT YOU'RE...
VRRAP
HAPPY TO SEE YOU TOO, ROXY.

ARE THOSE YOUR OTHER TEAMMATES, SARAH? BUT I THOUGHT THEY'D VANISHED INTO --
THEY DID. BUT NOW THEY'RE BACK.
CAITLIN? GRUNGE? ROXY? IS IT REALLY YOU?
OMIGOSH! YOU'RE ALL...
ALIVE!
THEN WE'VE REALLY MADE IT BACK!
YEAH! BUT... WHERE THE HECK ARE WE?





"SIMON WILL MEET YOU AND THE KIDS OUTSIDE, JACK."

WE'RE INSIDE AN I.O. STORAGE FACILITY?!

WHOSE BRIGHT IDEA WAS *THAT?!*

DID YOU FIND WHAT YOU WERE *LOOKING* FOR, SIR?

NO. BUT THAT'S THE LEAST OF OUR PROBLEMS AT THE MOMENT

IT'S ALL CLEAR, Mr. LYNCH. JUST THE USUAL MIDTOWN TRAFFIC.

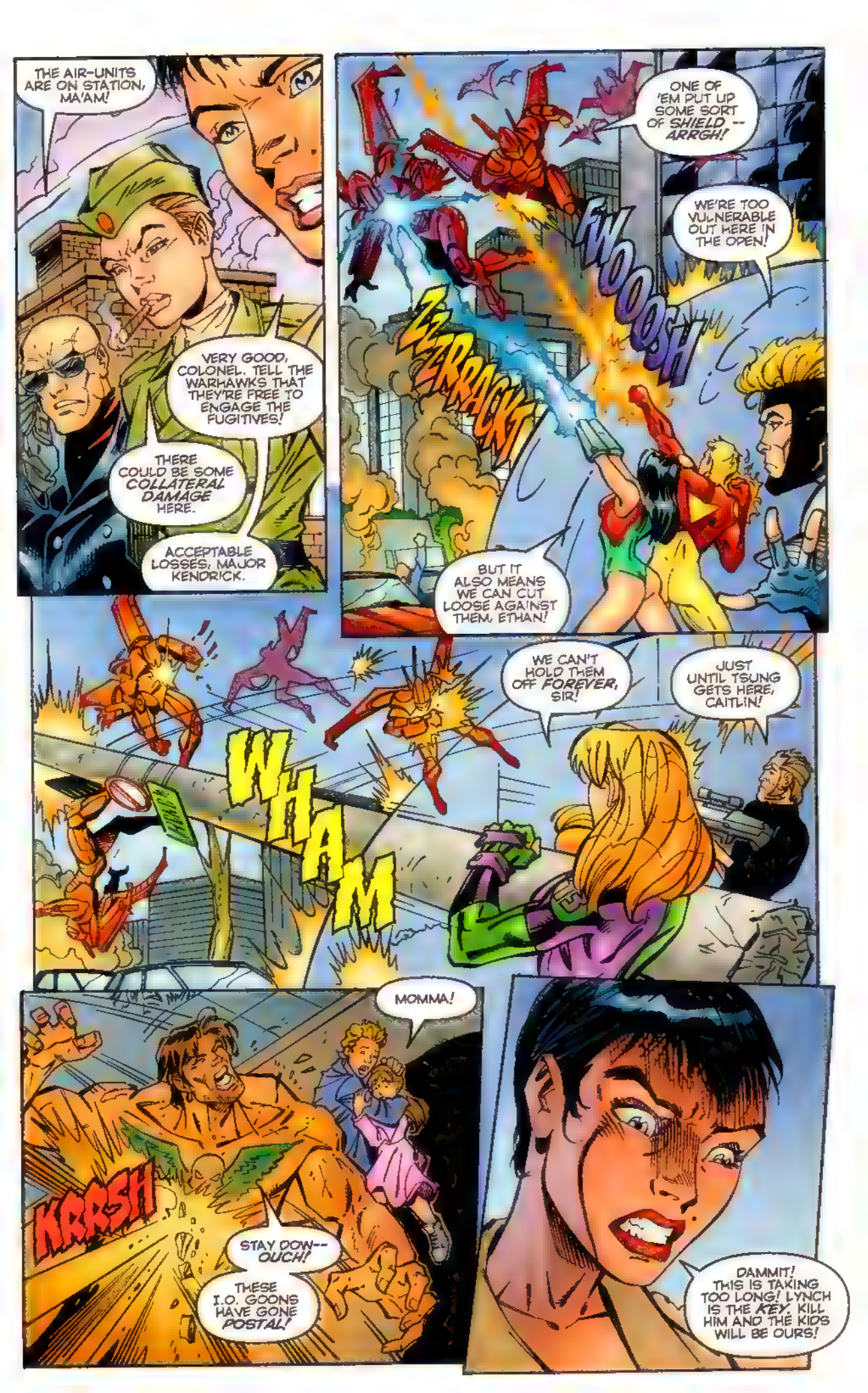
WE'RE OUT-SIDE, MAGGIE. BUT THERE'S NO SIGN OF TSUNG ANYWHERE.

HOLD IT! I *HEAR* SOME-THING!

WHHSSSH

HEADS UP, SIR! WE'VE GOT *COMPANY!*

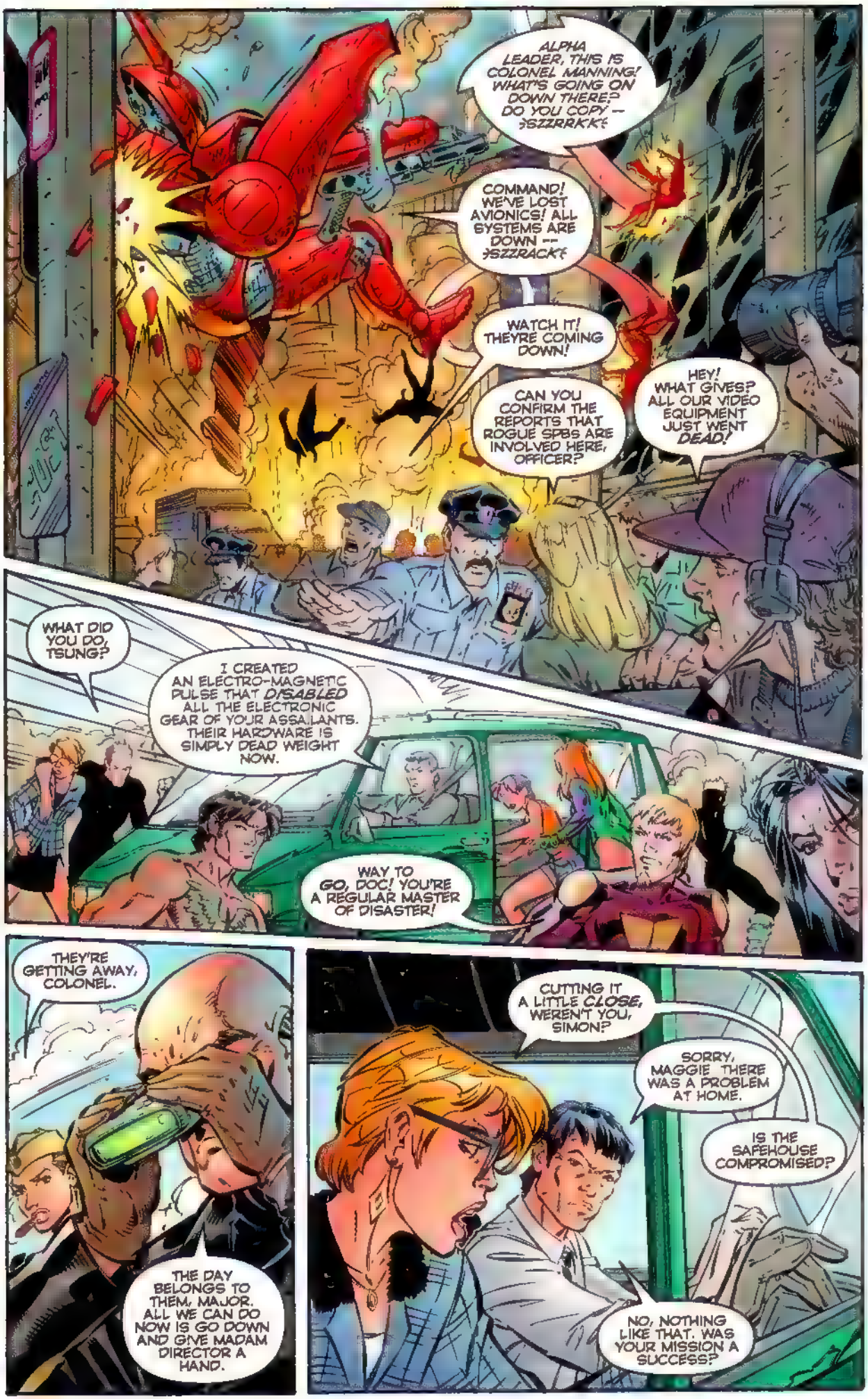
WARHAWKS!

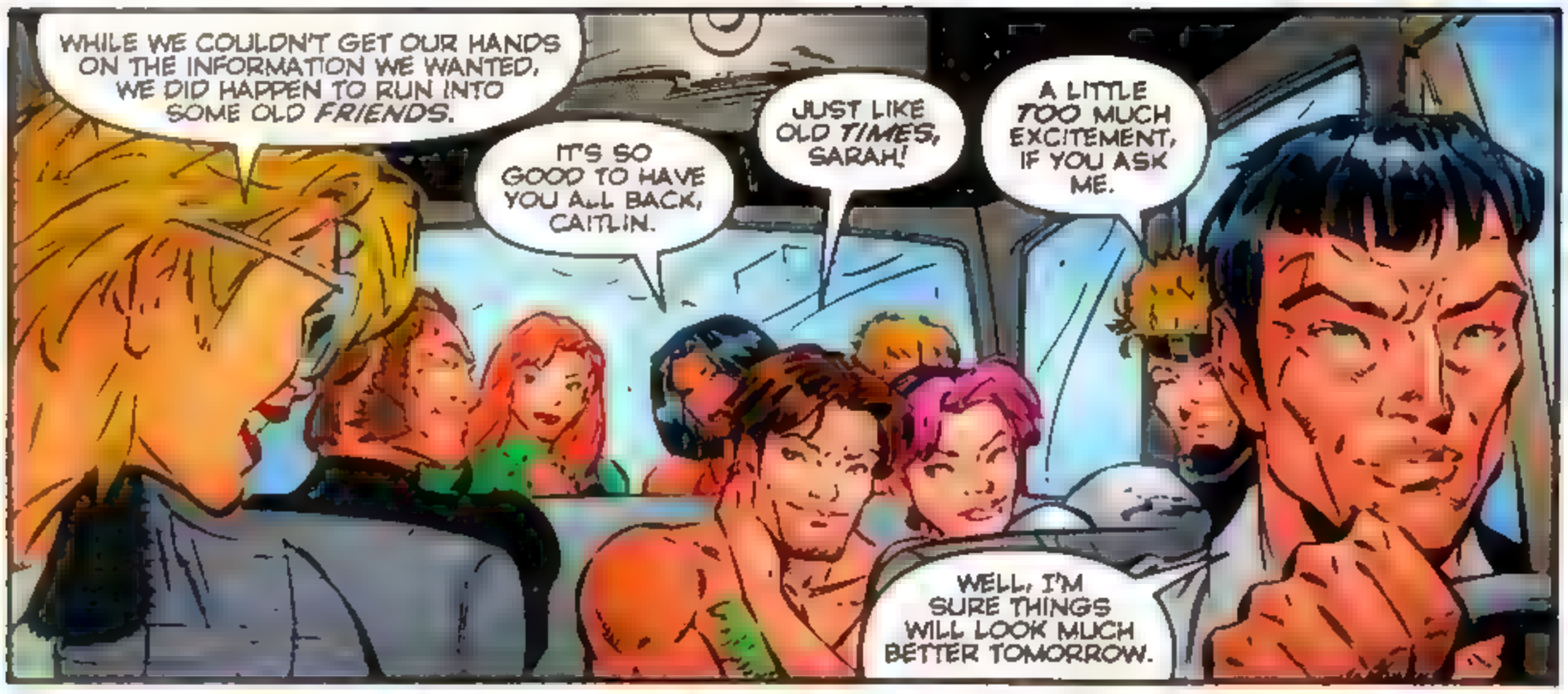

THE AIR-UNITS ARE ON STATION, MA'AM!
VERY GOOD, COLONEL. TELL THE WARHAWKS THAT THEY'RE FREE TO ENGAGE THE FUGITIVES!
THERE COULD BE SOME COLLATERAL DAMAGE HERE.
ACCEPTABLE LOSSES, MAJOR KENDRICK.
ONE OF 'EM PUT UP SOME SORT OF SHIELD -- ARRGH!
WE'RE TOO VULNERABLE OUT HERE IN THE OPEN!
FWOOOSH
ZZZRACK!
BUT IT ALSO MEANS WE CAN CUT LOOSE AGAINST THEM, ETHAN!
WHAM
WE CAN'T HOLD THEM OFF FOREVER, SIR!
JUST UNTIL TSUNG GETS HERE, CAITLIN!
MOMMA!
KRRSH
STAY DOW-- OUCH!
THESE I.O. GOONS HAVE GONE POSTAL!
DAMMIT! THIS IS TAKING TOO LONG! LYNCH IS THE KEY. KILL HIM AND THE KIDS WILL BE OURS!

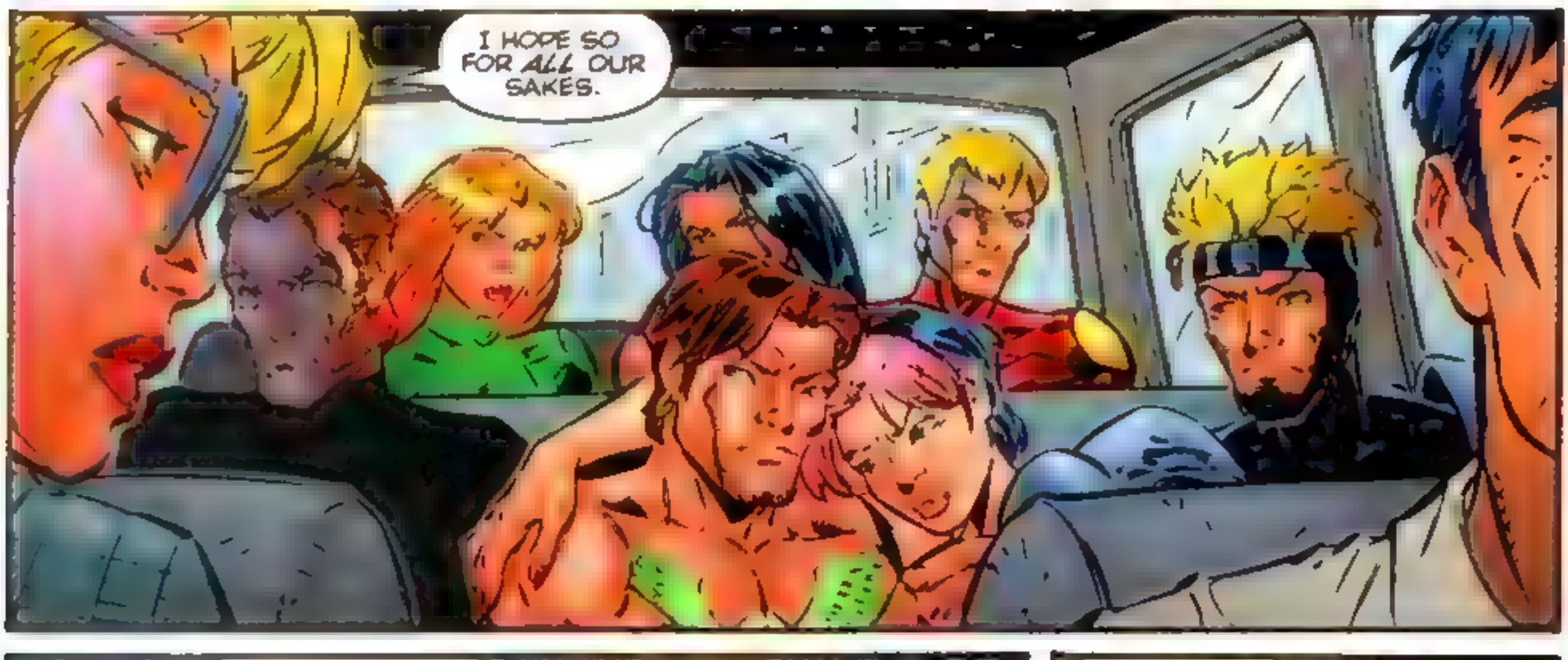
NICE MOVES ON MY BUDDIES, GEN-FREAK!
BUT YOU SHOULD'VE BEEN WATCHING OUT FOR ME!
NO! I LET HIM GET TOO CLOSE!
THOOM
GET AWAY FROM HER!
THOSE FOOLS! THEY'RE TURNING THE ENTIRE BLOCK INTO A WAR ZONE!
UH-OH! NEW YORK'S FINEST HAVE JUST ARRIVED ON THE SCENE!
WHAM
NICE SAVE, KAT! NOW GET ME OUTTA HERE!
GET OUT!
HOLY MARY! NOW WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?!
THAT KID! WHAT'S HE YELLING ABOUT?!
GET OUT OF THE CAR!
W-WHY?
JUST DO IT!
'CAUSE IT'S ABOUT TO GET...
...SCORCHED!
FRRRASSH

MY GOD. THIS HAS GONE TOO FAR.
EVERYONE BACK INTO THE ARCHIVE BUILDING!
BUT WE'LL BE TRAPPED! WE'VE GOT TO WAIT HERE FOR DOC!
TOO MANY INNOCENT LIVES ARE AT RISK, ETHAN! WE'LL JUST HAVE TO TAKE OUR CHANCES!
NOW LET'S GO -- HUNNGH!
HOW VERY NOBLE OF YOU, JACK. IT'S A WONDER YOU'VE SURVIVED AS LONG AS YOU HAVE.
STAY BACK, IVANA! DON'T MAKE ME -- ARRGH!
WHOK
DON'T WASTE YOUR ENERGY, JACK. I'VE HAD MY BIONIC SYSTEMS SHIELDED AGAINST YOUR PSIONIC POWERS SINCE OUR LAST ENCOUNTER.
BUT MORE IMPORTANTLY, I'VE ADDED SOME NEW TOYS TO MY REPERTOIRE.
I HOPE YOU LIKE THEM.
YARGH!
ZZRRAAP
YOU'VE BEEN A THORN IN MY SIDE SINCE THE FIRST DAY WE MET, JACK.
IT'S TIME I RETURNED THE FAVOR.
BUT I WON'T KILL YOU JUST YET. NOT UNTIL...

...WE'RE UP CLOSE AND PERSONAL!
UNNGH!
YOUR PRECIOUS CHILDREN WILL FINALLY BE MINE.
ANY FAMOUS LAST WORDS?
GET AWAY FROM HIM, YOU BITCH!
KATHOOM
ARRGH!
MY ARM!
GET THE KIDS OUT OF HERE WHILE I FINISH OFF IVANA.
NO. WE LEAVE TOGETHER. SHE CAN'T HURT US NOW.
FINE. WE'LL DO IT YOUR WAY.
EVERYONE INTO THE VAN!
DOC! BUT WHAT ABOUT THOSE WARHAWKS?
SCREECH
WOULD YOU LOOK AT THAT. SHE'S GONE TO PIECES ON ME.
GUESS IT'S BACK TO THE SHOP FOR YOU.
UNNHH! MAGGIE?
JUST LEAVE THEM TO ME, ETHAN.
ZZZMMM

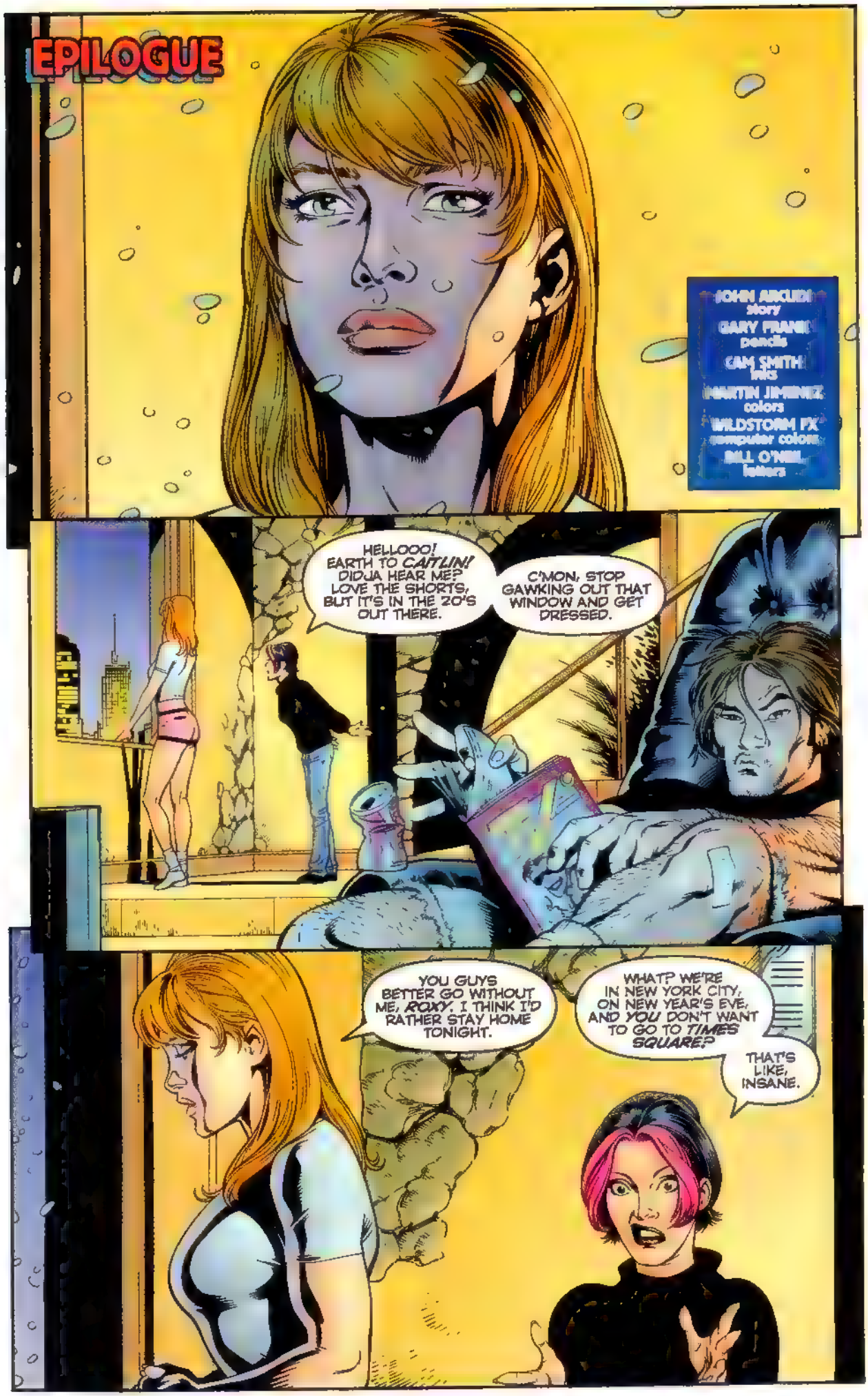

ALPHA LEADER, THIS IS COLONEL MANNING! WHAT'S GOING ON DOWN THERE? DO YOU COPY -- ;SZZRRKK!
COMMAND! WE'VE LOST AVIONICS! ALL SYSTEMS ARE DOWN -- ;SZZRACK!
WATCH IT! THEYRE COMING DOWN!
CAN YOU CONFIRM THE REPORTS THAT ROGUE SPBS ARE INVOLVED HERE, OFFICER?
HEY! WHAT GIVES? ALL OUR VIDEO EQUIPMENT JUST WENT DEAD!
WHAT DID YOU DO, TSUNG?
I CREATED AN ELECTRO-MAGNETIC PULSE THAT DISABLED ALL THE ELECTRONIC GEAR OF YOUR ASSAILANTS. THEIR HARDWARE IS SIMPLY DEAD WEIGHT NOW.
WAY TO GO, DOC! YOU'RE A REGULAR MASTER OF DISASTER!
THEY'RE GETTING AWAY, COLONEL.
THE DAY BELONGS TO THEM, MAJOR. ALL WE CAN DO NOW IS GO DOWN AND GIVE MADAM DIRECTOR A HAND.
CUTTING IT A LITTLE CLOSE, WEREN'T YOU, SIMON?
SORRY, MAGGIE THERE WAS A PROBLEM AT HOME.
IS THE SAFEHOUSE COMPROMISED?
NO, NOTHING LIKE THAT. WAS YOUR MISSION A SUCCESS?

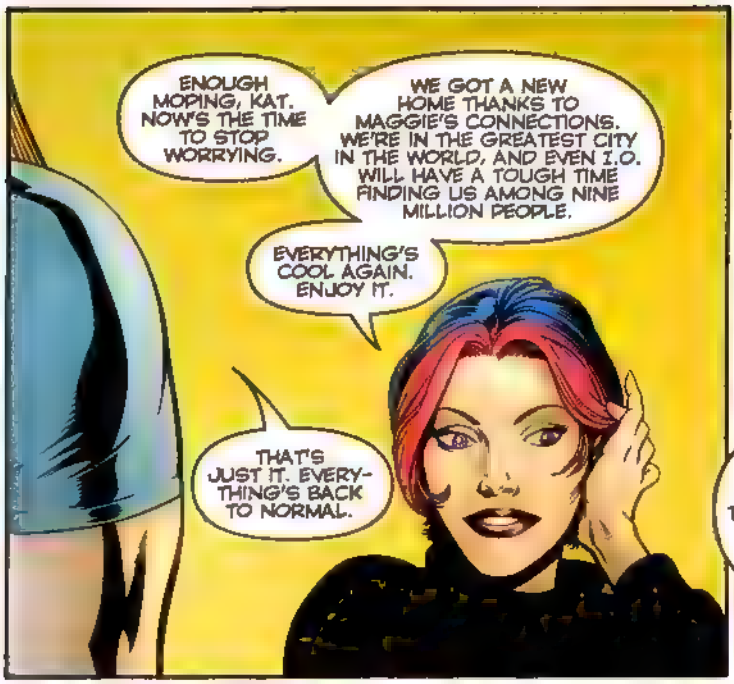

WHILE WE COULDN'T GET OUR HANDS ON THE INFORMATION WE WANTED, WE DID HAPPEN TO RUN INTO SOME OLD *FRIENDS*.
IT'S SO GOOD TO HAVE YOU ALL BACK, CAITLIN.
JUST LIKE OLD *TIMES*, SARAH!
A LITTLE *TOO* MUCH EXCITEMENT, IF YOU ASK ME.
WELL, I'M SURE THINGS WILL LOOK MUCH BETTER TOMORROW.


I HOPE SO FOR *ALL* OUR SAKES.

NO ONE'S GOIN' ANYWHERE TILL I GET ANSWERS AROUND HERE!
AT EASE, OFFICER THIS IS A MATTER OF NATIONAL SECURITY AND ON A *NEED TO KNOW* BASIS ONLY...
...AND YOU DON'T NEED TO KNOW
PLEASE REMAIN *STILL*, MA'AM.
WHAT *HAPPENED*?! REPORT, COLONEL!
WE'VE *SECURED* THE AREA, MADAM DIRECTOR. .

...BUT LYNCH AND THE OTHERS MANAGED TO *ESCAPE*.
YOU SHOULD'VE FINISHED ME OFF WHEN YOU HAD THE *CHANCE*, JACK. NOW THE BALL'S IN *MY* COURT.
AFTER WHAT HAPPENED HERE TODAY, THERE WON'T BE A PLACE ON *EARTH* YOU CAN HIDE!


EPILOGUE
JOHN ARCUDI story
GARY FRANK pencils
CAM SMITH inks
MARTIN JIMENEZ colors
WILDSTORM FX computer colors
BILL O'NEIL letters
HELLOOO! EARTH TO CAITLIN! DIDJA HEAR ME? LOVE THE SHORTS, BUT IT'S IN THE 20'S OUT THERE.
C'MON, STOP GAWKING OUT THAT WINDOW AND GET DRESSED.
YOU GUYS BETTER GO WITHOUT ME, ROXY. I THINK I'D RATHER STAY HOME TONIGHT.
WHAT? WE'RE IN NEW YORK CITY, ON NEW YEAR'S EVE, AND YOU DON'T WANT TO GO TO TIMES SQUARE?
THAT'S LIKE, INSANE.



-- BUT HERE, *NOTHING'S* CHANGED. I'M OUT OF PLACE.

WHATTAYA MEAN NOTHING'S CHANGED? THEY CANCELLED "BEAST WARS" WHILE WE WERE GONE.

OH, SHUT UP, *GRUNGE*. OKAY, YEAH, THINGS ARE BACK TO NORMAL. ISN'T THAT --

EXCUSE ME, ROXY.

CAITLIN, I WANT TO GO OVER SOME DATA WITH YOU. COULD YOU COME IN HERE?

I -- I CAN'T, Mr. LYNCH. I PROMISED ROXY AND THE OTHERS I'D GO TO TIMES SQUARE WITH THEM TONIGHT.

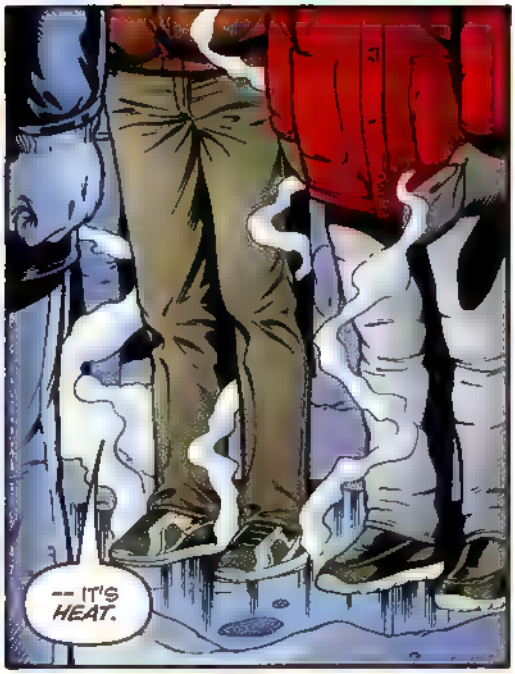
?

AHH! STOP THAT!
Heh Heh! MAKE ME!
COLD, SARAH?
FREEZING! IT NEVER GOT THIS COLD WHEN I WAS A KID IN ARIZONA, OR IN LA JOLLA FOR THAT MATTER.
I CAN'T STAND IT!

WELL, AT LEAST IT STOPPED SNOWING, AND I'M PRETTY SURE YOU WON'T BE COLD FOR TOO MUCH LONGER.
AND JUST WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?

OH, NO. IT'S NOT WHAT YOU'RE THINKING. ALL I'M SAYING IS THAT JAMMED IN THERE WITH THAT CROWD, YOU'LL THAW OUT IN NO TIME.

SOON.
YOU WERE RIGHT, BOBBY WITH ALL THESE BODIES AROUND ME GENERATING WARMTH, I BARELY FEEL COLD AT ALL.
YEAH, WELL, IF THERE'S ONE THING I KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT --


-- IT'S HEAT.

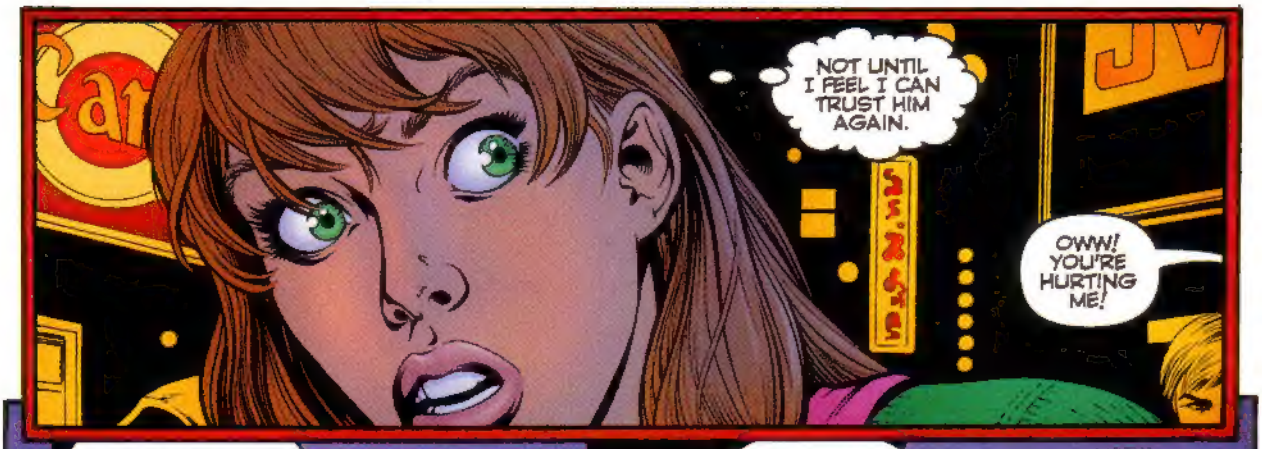
I'M REALLY GLAD YOU DECIDED TO COME ALONG, KAT, BUT WHAT MADE YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND?

SPLAT

OOH, NOW THAT HAD TO STING!
NOT AS MUCH AS YOUR BUTT'S GONNA STING AFTER I GET THROUGH KICKING IT!

WHAT MADE ME CHANGE MY MIND? HOW CAN I TELL HER THAT THE THOUGHT OF BEING ALONE WITH MR. LYNCH SCARES ME?
I DON'T THINK I CAN EVER LOOK AT HIM THE SAME WAY AGAIN.
THE LYNCH WE MET IN THE YEAR 2027 WAS -- OR WILL BE? -- SUCH A MONSTER.
THE ALIEN D'RAHN HAD RAVAGED THAT WORLD. DESTROYED IT. LEFT IT A CRUEL, DESOLATE WASTELAND -- AND LYNCH FIT RIGHT IN.
SO COLD BLOODED. HE WOULD HAVE KILLED ME SO HE COULD ESCAPE BACK INTO THE PAST IN HIS TIME MACHINE.
BUT WHY SHOULD THAT SURPRISE ME? THE WEAPON HE USED TO DEFEAT THE D'RAHN WIPED OUT WHAT WAS LEFT OF HUMANITY

ALL OF US, THE WHOLE TEAM, OUR LIVES MEANT NOTHING TO *THAT* LYNCH.
THAT LYNCH. MAYBE THAT'S HOW I SHOULD THINK OF HIM. AS A MAN FROM ANOTHER TIME, DRIVEN INSANE BY A SHATTERED WORLD...AND NOT AS THE JOHN LYNCH WE'VE ALWAYS KNOWN.
BUT OF COURSE, WE'VE NEVER KNOWN HIM AT ALL -- NOT REALLY.
WE KNOW HE'S A FIGHTER. HE'S TAUGHT US *ALL* HOW TO DO THAT. IT'S HIS SOLUTION TO EVERYTHING.
AND WE KNOW HE'S KILLED -- MANY TIMES -- FOR THE GOVERNMENT. IS IT SO HARD, THEN, TO THINK OF HIM AS A MURDERER?
THAT'S WHY I DON'T WANT TO TELL Mr. LYNCH ABOUT OUR TRIP INTO THE FUTURE. NOT UNTIL I CAN SORT THIS OUT.


NOT UNTIL I FEEL I CAN TRUST HIM AGAIN.
OWW! YOU'RE HURTING ME!

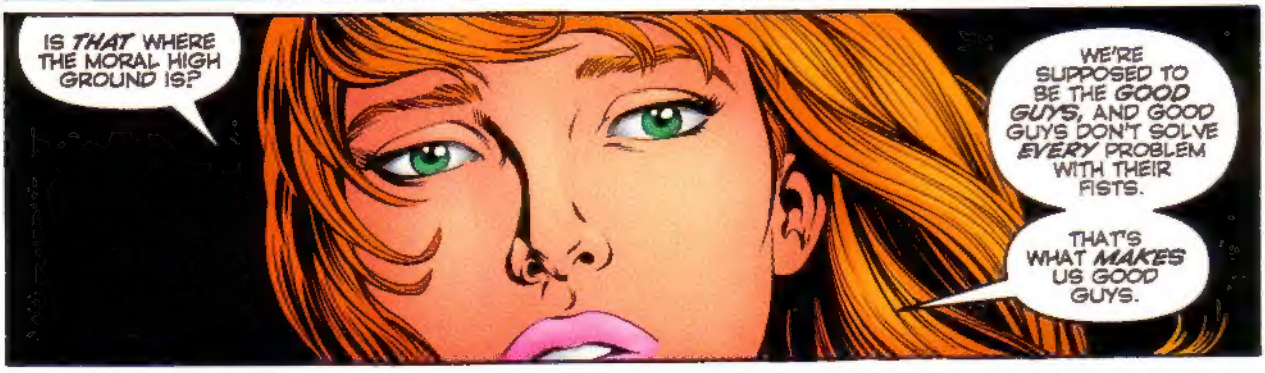
AND HOW DO YOU THINK A SNOWBALL SLAMMING INTO YOUR EAR FEELS, EH?
YOU BETTER LET HER GO, MAN. I MEAN IT.
WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO IF HE DON'T, PEE WEE?

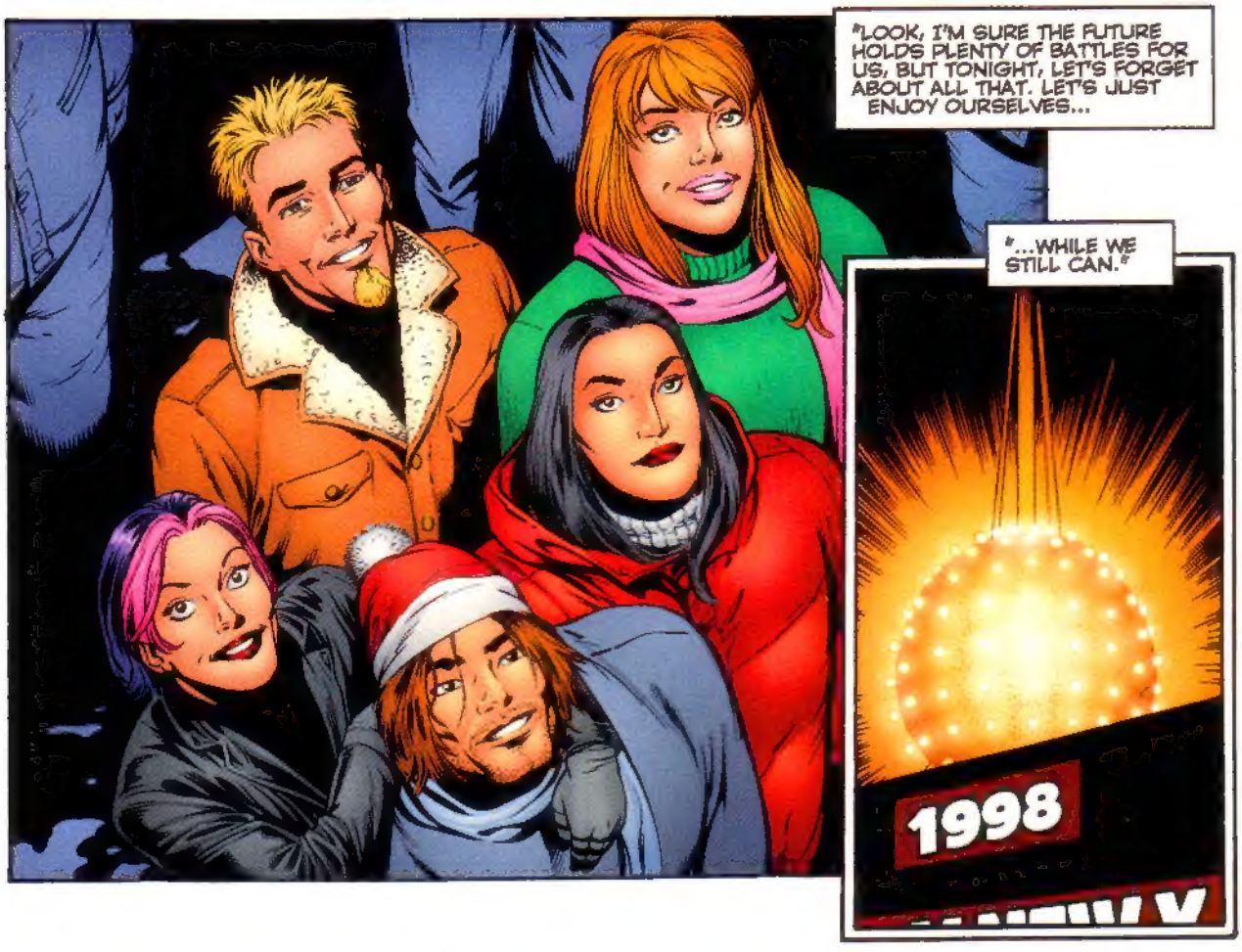
HE'S GOING TO GET A LITTLE HELP FROM HIS FRIENDS.
A *LOT* OF HELP!
SO. WHAT'S IT GOING TO BE?

WHOA. TAKE IT EASY HERE, TAKE IT EASY.
NO NEED FOR THIS. WE WERE JUST HAVING SOME FUN. THAT'S ALL.
I KNOW MY FRIEND DIDN'T MEAN TO HIT YOU WITH THAT SNOWBALL, AND SHE'S VERY SORRY.
AREN'T YOU, ROXY?
YEAH, ALL RIGHT.
I'M SORRY.
AHH, S'OKAY. GUESS I OVERREACTED, ANYWAY. I MEAN, IT'S THE HOLIDAYS 'N'ALL, RIGHT?
SORRY I GRABBED YOU LIKE THAT.

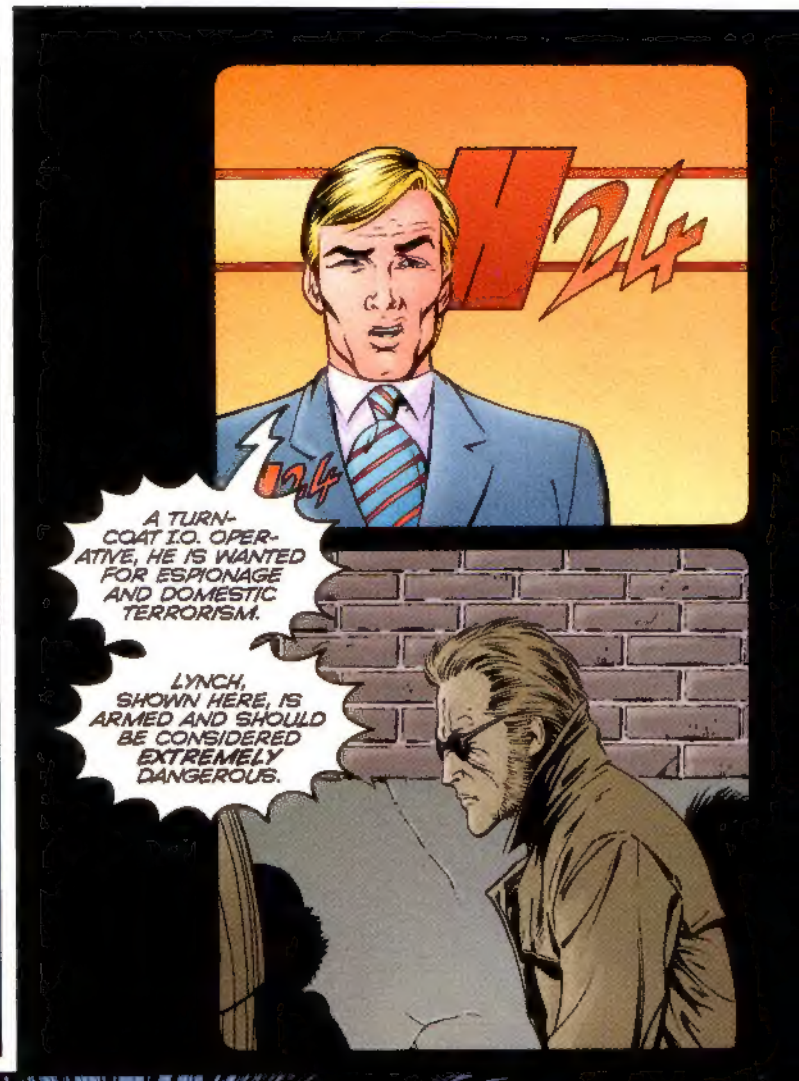
WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT ABOUT?! YOU MADE US LOOK LIKE A BUNCH OF WUSSES!

AND WHY IS THAT SO IMPORTANT TO YOU? THEY'RE JUST NORMAL PEOPLE, BOBBY.
OBVIOUSLY, IF WE USE OUR POWERS -- WHICH WE SHOULDN'T -- WE CAN BEAT THE HECK OUT OF THEM.


IS *THAT* WHERE THE MORAL HIGH GROUND IS?
WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE THE *GOOD GUYS*, AND GOOD GUYS DON'T SOLVE *EVERY* PROBLEM WITH THEIR FISTS.
THAT'S WHAT *MAKES* US GOOD GUYS.


"LOOK, I'M SURE THE FUTURE HOLDS PLENTY OF BATTLES FOR US, BUT TONIGHT, LET'S FORGET ABOUT ALL THAT. LET'S JUST ENJOY OURSELVES...
"...WHILE WE STILL CAN."
1998

-- AND WILL RESTORE SUSTAINABLE GROWTH IN THE REGION.
THIS JUST IN TO HEADLINE NEWS. THE F.B.I. HAS ISSUED A BULLETIN FOR FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE, JOHN LYNCH.


A TURN-COAT I.O. OPERATIVE, HE IS WANTED FOR ESPIONAGE AND DOMESTIC TERRORISM.
LYNCH, SHOWN HERE, IS ARMED AND SHOULD BE CONSIDERED EXTREMELY DANGEROUS.

OKAY, IVANA. IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT.
CLICK

YOU CAME AFTER ME ONCE AND I RAN. YOU TRIED TO TRAP ME HERE AND I RAN AGAIN. BUT NOT ANYMORE. YOU'RE IN FOR A WAR NOW.
WINNER TAKES ALL.
THE BEGINNING...